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We Sell Drugs
If you want them.
You are welcome
whether you buy or not.
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BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
TERMS: [illegible] Per Year
VOL. XXXV. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1898. NO. 46

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Daniel H. Hastings.
Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—James S. Beacom.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Walter T. Merrick, [illegible].
Members of Assembly—[illegible], E. T. Dempsey, Bradford.
District Attorney—Sheridan Gorton, Smethport.
Sheriff—J. F. Devin, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—T. B. Clark, Bradford.
Commissioners—Wm. A. Young, Smethport; Lemuel Davis, Kane; Thomas F. Hungiville, Smethport.
County Clerk—H. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brander.
Auditors—C. W. Freeman, J. C. Coonan, Jr., Bradford; A. B. Cory, Coryville.
Mercantile Appraiser—B. F. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. E. Hartman, Kendall Creek.
County School Sup't—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—L. K. Hogarth.
Council—W. C. Young, president; Wesley Gifford, secretary; J. Colegrove, treasurer; [illegible], Burg Chadwick, Ed. Hungerford, Chas. Johnson.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—H. L. Burlingame.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo president, Jane Forsythe secretary, Emma Gifford treasurer, Katherine McKean, Jno. E. Apple, J. A. [illegible].
Collector—E. T. Daly.
Treasurer—Francis Freeman.
Auditors—E. R. Mayo, John Robinson, Oscar [illegible].
Judge of Election—Carl [illegible].
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, Jno. [illegible].

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SHERIDAN GORTON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
D. L. HAVEN, N. G.
E. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., [illegible] meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. FULTON, Chief Patriarch.
E. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

CIVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. [illegible], I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MARIE DUNN, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. [illegible], meets First and Third Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
E. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoons at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. KATE L. WRIGHT, Pres.
MRS. ROSE FRENCH, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 71, meet 1st and 3d Thursday evening in Backus Hall.
B. L. KNAPP, Sir. Com.
W. H. WETENHALL, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block.
WASHINGTON BRAKE, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
MISS MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch [illegible], meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres.
MRS. M. B. [illegible], Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
JONATHAN COLEGROVE, Pres.
MRS. ADDIE E. SCULL, Secy.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. E. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HENRY McCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HENRY McCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. Michael [illegible], pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday School at 2:45 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. T. E. Taylor.

Lafayette—REV. W. RUNNOWS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Clermont church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 1:30 p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

M. B. Stone.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Templeton Hall, Bradford, Pa.

Hamlin & Forrest
GEORGE B. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Hamlin & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Sheridan Gorton.
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M. L. Keenan.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

M. H. Byles.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. No. 9 Main Street, Smith Building, Bradford, Pa.

C. B. Judd
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Over 11 Main street, Davis Block, Bradford, Pa. Dec. 29, 1891.

M. B. Mayo & Son.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone.

F. R. Cotter.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Kane, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

A. S. HECK.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office: Coudersport, Pa.
N. E. Cor. Main & Third Sts. in Moore & Ormerod building.

E. S. SHAFFER. E. E. SHAFFER.
Shaffer & Shaffer,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Kane, Penna.
Office in Schriever Block.

Edmund L. Ryan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.
Office in Orlando Block,
Kane, Penna.

E. B. [illegible],
PENSION ATTORNEY. [illegible]

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It will cost you some money—all good pianos do. The difference is not so great, but the quality is beyond comparison. We exhibit all styles of Chickerings.

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We lead—others follow. Our goods recommend themselves.

All brands of PENNSYLVANIA RYE in stock.

We bottle all our own goods, thus insuring a perfectly pure article.

CO-OPERATIVE BEER, a winner.

EXTRA 6, EXPORT, pronounced by physicians the purest beer for medicinal use in the city.

Don't forget the number and give us a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Physicians.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in E. B. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport Pa.

Dr. Burg Chadwick,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office next door to the Palace Pharmacy. Office hours till 10 A. M., 1 to 3; 6 to 8 P. M.

John Clark. M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Reilly Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 A. M. and 1 to 3 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Gallup Building, Main street. Residence in T. D. Nash house, Smethport, Pa.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 8 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bunce, Proprietor.
This house has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
W. V. PROVIN, Prop'r.
126 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,
KANE - - PA.
This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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HOTEL VANBUREN,
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WM. M. VANBUREN, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations.
Free Buss to and from all trains.

FOSTER HOUSE,
W. L. FOSTER, Prop.
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New house, new furniture. First-class in every respect. Particular attention paid to the traveling public. [illegible]

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
ROBERT GRAVES, Prop'r.
RATES, $1.50 PER DAY. Olean, N. Y.
OPPOSITE W. N. Y. & P. DEPOT.
Thoroughly remodeled and refurnished throughout. Bar supplied with finest Wines and Liquors. Pleasant Ladies Parlors.

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MONT SHOEMAKER, Prop'r.
Grand Central Block, Olean, N. Y.
Open day and night. Ladies' dining parlor. Quick lunch for all trains. Our specialty—25c. dinners.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
GEO. P. BABCOCK, Prop.
UNION ST., OPPOSITE PARK,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Having taken possession of the above Hotel I am prepared to entertain my old friends, and new ones as well, in the proper manner. Come and see me.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.
Oct. 18, 1898—3y

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
J. L. ANDREWS, Propr.,
75 and 77 MAIN ST. BRADFORD, PA.
First-class in every respect. Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors. European plan.

CHADWICK HOUSE,
G. H. SQUIRES, Proprietor.
Larabee, Penn'a.
First-class in every respect.
Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdvoint.
Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving Hair and Dressing
In the latest style of art.
None but first-class workmen employed.
Alfred Sturdvoint, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

W. C. ROCKWELL,
"THE FLORIST,"
BRADFORD, PA.
Cut Flowers for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
TELEPHONE 190

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EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS
Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.
Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts.,
Smethport, Pa.

P. O.—LARABEE, PA.
[illegible] Cough Cure, [illegible]

Thanks!
For a bullet that missed in its flight.
Thanks!
For a fever that failed one glad night.

Thanks!
To the Father who heard voices pray.
Thanks!
For a soldier boy home from the fray!

TURKEY THOUGHTS.

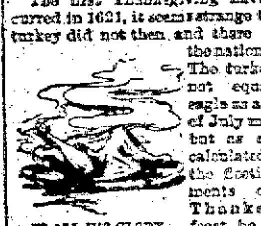
AND ALSO THOUGHTS OF PUMPKINS AND PERSIMMONS.

Three Dainties Far Famed at Thanksgiving Feasts—Even Canned Turkey Has Its Charm—The Pucker of the Persimmon.

[Copyright, 1898, by R. K. Munkittrick.]

THE TURKEY.

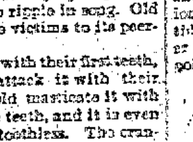
The first Thanksgiving having occurred in 1621, it seems strange that the turkey did not then and there become the national bird. The turkey may not equal the eagle as a Fourth of July minstrel, but as a biped calculated to gild the fleeting moments of the Thanksgiving feast he so far outsoars the eagle that to compare them seriously would be like mixing oxalic acid upon the ox.



IN ALL HIS GLORY.

It is believed by many thinking people that Thanksgiving was invented to give the turkey a distinction and a prestige and to give us a medium through which to offer our gratitude while experiencing perennial thrills of pleasure. The selection of the turkey for the star part was happy, because every one likes turkey, be it hot, cold or canned. Unlike veal, corned beef and fishballs, the turkey is a concrete symphony that causes every soul to ripple in song. Old and young are alike victims to its peerless quality.

The young eat it with their first teeth, the middle aged attack it with their second teeth, the old masticate it with their third or store teeth, and it is even toothsome to the toothless. The cranberry's chief distinction is that which it enjoys in being the tail end of the Thanksgiving ticket. The cranberry sauce is sometimes strained; but not in its relations with the turkey. They go together so harmoniously that they are one, and several poets say that the cranberry's incarnadined smile is intensified by the turkey's flush of pride.



"ISN'T HE A BIRD?"

The turkey is a bird among birds, a dish among dishes, a dream among dreams.

When the small boy eats the drumstick,
Like an ear of corn, by hand
And he somehow doth his thumb stick
In his eye to beat the band,
Then the greatness of the turkey all will
fully understand.

THE PERSIMMON.

When the rabbit's gayly skipping
Through the frost haunted wood
And the small boy's jaws are dripping
With the spirit of plum pud,
When the squirrel madly chatters
And the quail begins to pipe
And the baseball player scatters,
The persimmon's nearly ripe.

The persimmon is in a certain sense a Thanksgiving fruit, because it makes you feel thankful, when you have bitten off a mouthful of it, that you didn't bite off two mouthfuls. Any one who takes a good sized bite out of a persimmon that is not quite ripe and feels his mouth pucker until it seems like a mackerel sky doesn't think perhaps so much about Thanksgiving as about some method by which he can have the ribs ironed out of the roof of his mouth, and his tongue reduced to such a size that he won't talk thick. The persimmon is a sort of wild plum, which is, however, not as wild as him that partakes of it not wisely, but too soon. Small boys find unbounded pleasure in gathering the persimmon, because it clings so tenaciously to the limb that it compels him to throw stones and clubs among the branches until he is as sore as one afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. The force expended by a boy in knocking down ten persimmons is about equal to that necessary to chop two cords of wood or to learn a page of Latin. That is why he is so fond of persimmons. If he could pick them in bunches like grapes, he would not eat them. Persimmons are like dollars. It is the difficulty in getting them that makes them so dear. And they come at Thanksgiving when the paper rose blossoms in the bosom of the market turkey and gladness and joy perform a double song and dance from one end of the county to the other. So much for the persimmon which is now in the market, where it ought to stay.

THE PERSIMMON'S PUCKER.

THE PUMPKIN.

Oh, the pumpkin's golden glory
Lights the furrows and the knolls,
And we're full of song and story
As our fancies boil and bubble.
And we sigh
O'er the attributes unending of the
Pum-p-kin pie!

The greatness and [illegible] of the pumpkin are universally acknowledged, and the fact that it is sometimes called "punkin" does not detract from its fair fame. A golden seed, a golden blossom, a golden fruit, and finally a golden pie that lifts one to realms of fairy gold, it is not wonderful that it should gild our passing thoughts at this particular season and fill our spirits with liveliest anticipations of the glories of Thanksgiving. Whether the pumpkin pie be made at home by hand or in a factory by machinery the effect seems to be the same. You cannot taste the wheels in the factory made pie because the pumpkin pie is a wheel itself whose magnificence dwarfs the other wheels into insignificance. Furthermore, it is pumpkin pie, and when you say that you have no room for hostile argument. The pumpkin pie, whether square, round or oblong, is warranted to adjust itself to any stomach, the stomach gracefully exerting all its power of elasticity that the pie may be comfortably located, to assimilate with the turkey, until the spirit is suffused with dreams of peace and resignation and the diner feels so kindly toward everybody and everything that he refuses to doubt the accuracy of ice scales and gas meters, while the fact that the plumber is regarded as a moral monstrosity strikes him as an empty fantasy. Still he would doubtless prefer to make a bargain with a plumber while clear headed and unpied. In conclusion, our opinion of the pumpkin at Thanksgiving tide is such that we can recall no prouder moment than that at which we were pointed out as being "some pumpkins."

"WHO SAID PUMPKIN PIE?"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THANKS FOR A TYRANT'S FALL.

The circling year that brought the rose
And lily hastens to its close;
Not many times the sinking sun
Shall set before its sands are run.

It brought us blots in moon and star,
Of grim and blood envisaged war
Till over April's sky of blue
Was spread its pall of inky hue.

For the Great Power who understands
And holds all nations in his hands
Saw tyranny stalk our shore,
And stricken hearts his aid implore.

And so, as by some angel sent,
War came for just arbitrament,
And haughty Spain's cruel iron yoke
For purer peace and freedom broke.

For what our warring heroes won
We give a heartfelt benison
And thanks for war's so swift decree
And human gains on land and sea.

For barns well filled and gifts in store,
For freedom's new extended shore
And space, may every grateful voice
And heart with thanks this day rejoice.

JOEL BENTON.

"FILLED" BEDCLOTHES.

They Are Moisture Attractors, and Death Lurks In Them.

Science, thy name is adulteration! Another terror has been added to existence by the revelations made by a trade paper of the processes by which certain manufacturers "fill" the sheets and blankets with which they flood the market.

We are told that, after a piece of waste sheeting has been woven the cloth is passed over a trough containing a solution of zinc, sulphate of magnesia (commonly known as epsom salts) and water. This is called a sprinkler. A revolving brush plays a spray of these noxious ingredients upon the cloth, with the result that a 50 pound piece after the operation weighs 7½ pounds more than when it left the loom. As the goods are sold by the pound, the object is evident.

But what about the purchaser? A piece cuts up into ten pairs of sheets. Each pair therefore contains three-quarters of a pound of moisture attracting material. The results are appalling. As soon as a wet day comes the sheets become damp, and the luckless wight who sleeps between them is apt to contract a chill that may send him to the bourn whence no traveler returns. Even if his suspicions are aroused and he boldly casts aside the sheets and wraps himself in the blankets it may avail him nothing, for the blanket makers have learned the trick, and the same ill results may ensue.

Next we shall hear that the counterpane makers are equally astute, and the timid sleeper may be driven to provide himself with the woolen sleeping bags that suggest travels in the farthest north. The only advantage of these "filled" or heavily "sized" sheets and blankets is that they are death to insects, but if they kill the sleeper as well as the pulex irritans—to say nothing of the cimex lectularius—what boots it?—London Telegraph.

Antique.

Says a dealer in antiquities: "I had a fat woman in here the other day. Well, sir, she was a notice, was that fat woman. She would have the antique all through her house, sir, nothing but the antique for her house decoration. Why, sir, judging by what that fat woman said and bought in this shop, I should judge she was heartbroken, sir, that she couldn't get the shades of her ancestors for her parlor windows."—New York Tribune.

THE NEW CHARITY.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

THE Young Man spent his last 25 cent piece in purchasing a boutonniere of Yale blue violets; then he walked up Fifth avenue, New York, to meditate on what he had to be thankful for.

"My liver is in excellent condition," he reflected, "my sins are not troubling me, and I think I have enough brains to carry me through this difficulty."

Still the fact remained that he didn't know where he was going to get his Thanksgiving dinner, or, what was still more important, how he was going to get a ticket for the Yale-Harvard football match.

At first he let his mind dwell on the Thanksgiving days he had spent in the past, and then he gradually veered around to those he had seen described in stories, but he could find no connection between his present case and any he had experienced or seen described.

"In the stories I have read," he thought to himself, "some miserly millionaire is always made happy by having his flinty heart softened so that he spends much money in charity. Now, being poor, I am just in the position to make a miserly rich man happy by letting him help me."

A few minutes more of reflection made the whimsicality of the idea delightful, and he decided to act on it. But the first thing to do was to catch his millionaire. Stepping into a hotel reading room, he looked through a copy of a Sunday paper in which he had noticed a series of interviews with rich men, in which those ever interesting individuals had confided to the reporter their plans for Thanksgiving day. He read:

"I shall spend the day in attending to business," said Mr. Putancall curtly.

"He'll do," said the Young Man to himself, "for besides being rich and crusty he is a bachelor."

It took him about an hour to walk down town to old Putancall's office; but, being without street car fare, he had no choice but to pace off the distance. On his arrival he at first thought the place was deserted; but, hearing footsteps, Mr. Putancall came out of his private room to investigate. He was in a decidedly grumpy and dissatisfied humor, for the absence of his heads of departments and clerks made him realize that, after all, he was only one man. Without them he was like an octopus shorn of its tentacles. The Young Man stood and looked him over quizzically.

"WELL!" EXCLAIMED MR. PUTANCALL IMPATIENTLY, "WELL!"

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Putancall impatiently, "well!"

"Well!" responded the Young Man, smiling.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Putancall with rising anger. He was not accustomed to being echoed in that way.

"Nothing," said the Young Man cheerfully.

"Then you will have to excuse me, for I am busy." And he stepped back into his private office.

The Young Man followed him.

"You are too hasty," he said. "The boot is on the other leg. I am here to do something for you."

"What's that?"

"I am here to do you a great kindness." Then he added, before Mr. Putancall had time to adjust his mind to this unprecedented state of affairs, "By the bye, how many years is it since any one has called on you in the way of kindness?"

This unusual question simply tripped the financier into deeper confusion, and he looked at the daring Young Man in blank astonishment.

"Now, see here," said the Young Man, noticing his advantage and assuming an air of authority, "you have turned over $5,000,000, and you don't know how to enjoy a $5 bill. You are here in your office [illegible] because you don't know what else to do, and you are feeling wretched because the absence of your assistants makes it impossible for you to smother your feelings with effective work. Why aren't you enjoying Thanksgiving day? Haven't you anything to be thankful for?"

These direct criticisms and searching questions reduced Mr. Putancall to a condition of helplessness that made the Young Man's magnetism tell more on him every minute.

"I saw what you said to the reporter who interviewed you last week and made up my mind that it would be an act of charity to prevent you from keeping your word about working today. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

This question immediately filled Mr. Putancall's mind with fear. Was this mysterious stranger going to rob him? He instinctively reached for the messenger call.

"That's all right," said the Young Man. "You may ring for the police if you like, but before they have arrived I shall have convinced you that you have made a mistake."

Mr. Putancall withdrew his hand.

"But why do you want to know how much money I have?"

"Because you will have to pay the expenses of the day's fun. And it will be a new sensation for you to do it. Really, Mr. Putancall, your case is one that I sympathize with. When you came to New York years ago, it was your intention to win a modest fortune and then go back to live among your old friends. By the time you had acquired such a fortune as you had at first dreamed of your old friends had scattered or become estranged and you had become so accustomed to business life that you could do nothing else, and the result is that all the feelings of your boyhood are imprisoned in your wrinkled old heart. Now, won't you give that boy a holiday?"

HE CHEERED WITH THE LOUDEST.

Mr. Putancall wavered, recovered himself, then hesitated again, and when he looked into the frank, good humored eyes that were watching him, he yielded completely. He was experienced enough in the world to know that their honesty was unmistakable. Grasping the proffered hand, he wrung it with the hearty enthusiasm of youth.

"Good!" exclaimed the Young Man. "Now, let me use your telephone for a few minutes, and I will order a dinner; then we will go to the football match."

"I have only $80," said Mr. Putancall while the young man was waiting for central to answer.

"That's more than enough," he replied. "We can have the time of our lives on that. Hello! Is that the Delmonico's? Tell the head waiter to come to the phone. It is always better to order a dinner like this ahead," he observed to Mr. Putancall, who had put on his street coat by this time.

"Hello! Is that you, Jean? Yes; I want you to get up a Thanksgiving dinner for two to be served in one of the private rooms at 7 sharp. No, sir, you can't have carte blanche. I know just what I want. Now take down what I tell you. First I want two orders of clams—oysters are a superstition," he remarked aside. "Got that? Then something really good in a clear soup. You may decide on that yourself. Next we want a Lake Ontario whitefish. What's that? The close season for them, you say? I know it is, but that shouldn't trouble you. Oh, you think you know where you can get one? All right, and this is the way you are to cook it: Dress a two pound fish and put it on the range in a kettle of cold water. As soon as the water comes to a boil take it off, and the fish will be done. Notice if the flesh cracks open at the back of the neck, and you can tell if it is done exactly right. Then you are to serve it with egg sauce. Next we want roast turkey—a turkey hen, remember, not a muscular gobbler—and you are to stuff it with old fashioned country dressing of onion and bread crumbs. Then we want apples, nuts and such things. Besides, you are to send down to that little old liquor store on Chambers street for a couple of bottles of hard cider—the special brand that the farmers put white wheat in and flavor with sassafras. Got it down all right? And be sure to have dinner ready to serve at 7 o'clock. Goodby."

"Now," exclaimed the Young Man, "we must hurry if we want to be in time for the football match."

"Are we going there?" asked Mr. Putancall, with mingled surprise and meekness.

"Certainly we are. What would Thanksgiving day be without taking in the football match? We just have time to catch the next 'L' express if we rush."

While they hurried along the street and then raced up town on the express the Young Man's tone changed gradually. While still retaining his frankness and gayety, he skillfully led Mr. Putancall to talk of the matters with which he was familiar until he regained his self possession and habitual air of command. When they reached the Polo grounds, the financier was so completely himself that he began to feel it was he who was doing everything, and when they met a speculator who had tickets to sell he pushed forward with the request:

"BUT LET US PART AS FRIENDS."

"Now you must let me buy the tickets."

The Young Man smiled, for it was evident that he had succeeded completely. The millionaire had practically forgotten all the unpleasant features of the talk in his office and was buying the tickets as if the idea of buying them had just occurred to him as an act of friendship.

At first Mr. Putancall felt a trifle out of place and confused, but his young friend was so attentive in explaining the points of the game and the enthusiasm of the crowd was so infectious that he often forgot himself and cheered with the loudest.

During the dinner there was but little conversation. Being a true epicure the Young Man ate in silence, and Mr. Putancall's mind was too much confused with unaccustomed thoughts for him to do any talking. But when they had quaffed their cider and lit their cigars the Young Man leaned back in his chair and remarked:

"I trust you have enjoyed the day?"

"Indeed I have. This is the best dinner I have ever eaten."

"True. And it is one of the things you have been working for all your life, though you didn't know it."

The rich man said nothing for a few minutes. Then he brightened and exclaimed:

"See here. I have taken a great fancy to you, and, if you will let me, I think I can do something for you."

"Indeed?"

"There are many openings in life for young men who have ideas, and I have seen enough of you to know that you are original."

The Young Man bowed gravely.

"Which means," he said, "that in return for my kindness to you today you would coop me up in an office and by the dull routine of business reduce me to an uninspired machine like yourself. By helping me to earn the means of enjoying life you would kill in me the power of enjoyment. Why, you didn't even know you had a palate until I ordered this dinner for you. Your stomach is simply a kind of fire box into which you put a certain amount of fuel every day in order to keep up your steam. Your heart has long been merely a force pump, never thrilled by enthusiasm or human emotions, and your brain is a kind of spider that continually spins schemes to entrap the unwary. Today, for the first time since you have been a boy, there has been something human aroused in you, and your offer, while absurd in the extreme, shows that you might do some good in the world if you only knew how."

"Well, then, will you teach me?"

"I can't promise. I am not charitable by nature, and I think I have done enough today in the way of putting a fellow being on the true road to enjoyment. Perhaps we who are poor are too selfish in keeping our troubles to ourselves instead of making rich men happy by letting them help us, but we have our faults just like other people."

Mr. Putancall could make no reply to this enigmatical speech, so he did all that was in his power—he paid the bill.

"But let us part as friends," said the Young Man, putting out his hand as they reached the street.

"Aren't you going to tell me your name?"

"No. I prefer, like the good fairies in the stories, to be nameless."

They shook hands, and the Young Man disappeared in the crowd, perhaps in quest of a new adventure, and the millionaire returned to his cheerless apartments, wondering if it all had been a dream.

A MOST PECULIAR CASE.

Where the Money Came From to Pay the Attorney's Bill.

"Most peculiar case I ever had," mused the attorney who is still a favorite with those requiring a strong defense in the criminal courts. "You never saw a finer looking young fellow. He had a good face and a well shaped head. He was clean and neatly dressed. He talked well and looked you squarely in the eyes. When I went to the jail at his request, I took an immediate liking to him. It had been my business to study human nature and I was satisfied from the first that he had never committed the $10,000 robbery of which he stood accused.

"He told me his story, frankly and without reservation. I was convinced more firmly than ever of his innocence. He outlined his own defense by accounting for every minute of his time on the night of the robbery and informing me just where the witnesses to substantiate his statements could be seen. I found them, and they affirmed everything he had told me. It was as clear a case as I ever saw, and I went into court with the utmost confidence. The prosecution did the best it could under the circumstances, but we swept the board and the young man was acquitted by the jury's first ballot. He was very grateful, shaking hands with the judge, the jurymen and even the prosecuting attorney.

"'Now, sir,' he began, when we had reached the office, 'what do I owe you?'

"'Only what you can afford to pay me. The saving of an innocent man is something of a reward in itself.'

"'Well, I would like to pay you more, but at present I can only afford to give you half of the $10,000. Is that fair?'"—Detroit Free Press.

As a Brother.

A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and in consequence was constantly making awkward remarks—intended as compliments—to the bishop and others. Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy to an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home.

"Look here, Bruce," said the senior decidedly, "you are a donkey. Why cannot you keep quiet instead of making your asinine remarks? I am speaking to you now as a brother"—

Loud laughter interrupted him at this point, and for the moment he wondered why.—Baltimore News.

A Financial Embarrassment.

A lady who had a kindly remembrance for all her domestic servants met an erstwhile washerwoman and stopped to ask her how she fared.

"Oh, mem, it's turrible financhal disthress me an the childer's in!"

"Why, what is it—are you out of employment?"

"No, mem; work's in a fair state o' stiddiness, and not a cint do I owe, but it's lashins o' trouble I've got!"

"Are you not paid promptly?"

"As promptly as the day comes round."

"What is your financial distress, then?"

"Well, mem" (in a burst of horror), "what's killin me is, I earn $6 the week an pay $6 for me board, an God only knows how I do it!"—Short Stories.

Converted.

Marie—Is Grace as fond of sports as she was?

Stella—No, not since she married one.—Brooklyn Life.

THE NAVY'S TURKEY.

HOW THE JACKIES ENJOY THEIR DAY OF THANKS.

How They "Guy" the Officers During the Novel Annual Parade and Review Aboard Ship—Chasing the Greased Pig.

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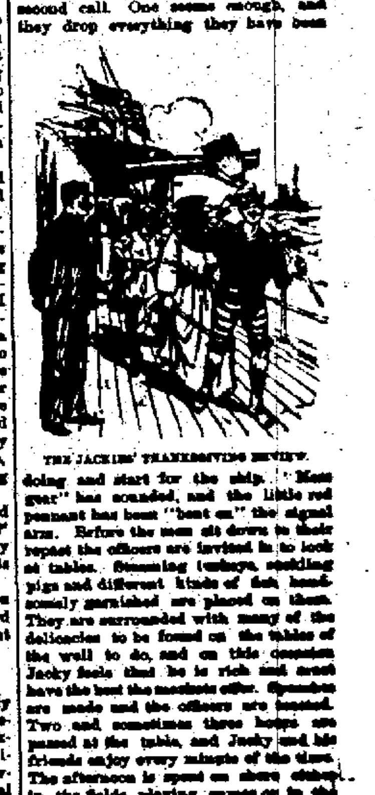
IT is undoubtedly true that Jacky, and that means the sailormen of Uncle Sam's navy, is more thankful this year than ever before—he is thankful he's alive. Spanish shells have come his way by thousands, but he still lives. Jacky is fond of a holiday, and one of the things that go to complete a perfectly spent holiday with Jacky is a good "square meal" with "vittles" of a different kind than the commissary supplies. "Soft bread and shore food" are the main parts of this repast, and there must be lots of them. While Jacky enjoys every holiday that comes along the one in which he finds the most pleasure is Thanksgiving day. This is especially true when the ships are in some home port or in the navy yard. Then Jacky is sure he can have whatever he wishes for.

The regular routine work of the ships as far as possible is suspended for the day, and after "quarters" the men are allowed the freedom of the ship. The mess quarters are decorated with the ensigns and signal flags, while the long rows of tables are abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season from the turkey which the men call "the buzzard," with its cranberry sauce and other garnishings, to the choicest fruits the market affords. Usually an outside cook is called in to prepare the meal, for every man in the ship is going to enjoy the holiday, and no one works.

There are other things that occupy Jacky's mind besides the "grub," as he calls it, for the day is long, and there are lots of things that can be done. As soon as "quarters" are over the entertainment usually begins with a parade and review, at which all the officers of the ship are asked to be present. It is not a dress parade, wherein the men have to wear their regulation uniforms, nor do the tactics as prescribed by the government carry any weight. The uniforms and tactics are of the men's own get up, and each participant does about as he likes when the commands are given. The uniforms are remarkable, there being no two alike. Every color in the rainbow goes to make up some part of the grotesque costumes worn by the men. This is one opportunity the men have of showing their likes or dislikes for some of the officers in a mild way. During the drill, which lasts about half an hour, the commands are given to mimic some of the officers, while the men themselves perform all kinds of queer antics.

After the drill a few athletic sports are indulged in before the little red pennant is run up to the signal arm and "mess gear" is sounded. They find a desirable spot for the purpose. Then football, baseball and other games are enjoyed. Jacky's specialty is "pig chasing," and, without a good healthy porker, well greased, to give him a run about the grounds, the day would be lost. Often the pig is too lively for the boys, and many of them get a good tumble before he is finally captured.

Suddenly the familiar sound of the bugle comes over the water to the place where the men have been enjoying themselves. They do not wait for the second call. One seems enough, and they drop everything they have been doing and start for the ship. "Mess gear" has sounded, and the little red pennant has been "bent on" the signal arm. Before the men sit down to their repast the officers are invited in to look at tables. Steaming turkeys, suckling pigs and different kinds of fish handsomely garnished are placed on them. They are surrounded with many of the delicacies to be found on the tables of the well to do, and on this occasion Jacky feels that he is rich and must have the best the markets offer. Speeches are made and the officers are toasted. Two and sometimes three hours are passed at the table, and Jacky and his friends enjoy every minute of the time. The afternoon is spent on shore either in the fields playing games or in the library, where such games as cards, checkers and chess are indulged in. When night comes and the bugle sounds "Stand by your hammocks," Jacky is ready. He has enjoyed every minute of the day and is satisfied to "crawl in" and dream of the things the next Thanksgiving day will have in store for him.



THE JACKIES' THANKSGIVING REVIEW.

F. A. VARDE.

Moody and the Sinless Man.

Some time ago a man who claimed perfection went to Evangelist Moody and commiserated him on his low level of Christian experience. Mr. Moody in a kind manner asked his caller if he never sinned nor did any wrong.

"No; I have not sinned for years; neither have I done anything that was wrong," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I'm glad to know it," said Mr. Moody, "but before I am convinced I would like to ask your wife."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Time Allowance.

"Waiter," said the bicyclist at the little country inn, "bring me three eggs and boil them four minutes."

Fifteen minutes elapse, and the waiter returns with one egg.

"Very sorry, sir, our eggs is out. This is the only one we had left—but we boiled it 12 minutes, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

Snobs in high places assume great airs and are pretentious in all they do, and the higher the elevation the more conspicuous is the incongruity of their position.—Samuel Smiles.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible]

BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1898.

SPAIN had better come to terms soon or Uncle Sam will get his back up and nudge the proud Castilian off the face of the earth.

HON. T. B. REED will assume the speaker's gavel again as General Grosvenor, his principal opponent formerly, is now working for him.

Two years from now Republicans who deliberately stabbed C. W. Stone in the back, by voting for J. C. Sibley, will wonder "where they were at."

DURING the last fiscal year 229,299 immigrants landed on Uncle Sam's territory. A decrease from 1897 of 1533. The war did not seem to keep many of them away.

QUAY offers $10,000 reward for anyone caught bribing or attempting to bribe an Assemblyman. Wanamaker goes him $10,000 better. Now its Quay's turn again. Bid up gentlemen.

JUDGING from the magnificent run that Col. W. A. Stone made in this campaign, one would naturally come to the conclusion that when a Tioga county man goes after anything he usually gets it.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN continues to proclaim that free silver as an issue is not dead. There is no question but what he will get his eyes opened in 1900 to the fact that it is a corpse and had been laid out for two years awaiting proper burial.

TIOGA county in 1896 gave McKinley 7,[illegible] votes and Bryan 2111. Last week she gave W. A. Stone 4,865, Jenks 1,[illegible], Swallow 1,382. And this is W. A. Stone's native county. There can be only one reason for it, and that was the dissatisfaction with Quay. That removed and Tioga county would have given Will Stone almost a unanimous vote.

JOSEPH SIMONS, the newly elected Senator from Oregon, will be the fourth United States Senator of Jewish extraction to fill that honorable position. The first was David L. Yulee of Florida, the second Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana and the third Benjamin F. Jonas likewise of Louisiana. All three were active participants in the struggle of '61 to '65.

MR. ROBERTS, the newly-elected Congressman from Utah, will not, it is said, take all or indeed any of his three wives to Washington; not at least until he has made sure of his seat, because though they are referred to in the dispatches as his "three plural wives" they would undoubtedly appear somewhat singular in the national capital. One of them is a physician with a bent for literature, and among them there are seven children.—Phila. Times.

THE tariff will have to be revised again, of course, either at the coming short session or by the 56th Congress, but the time seems to have passed when tariff revision causes much of a political struggle in Congress.—Buffalo Express. A tariff revision by a Republican Congress will cause no uneasiness in business quarters. It is only when a Democratic Congress goes to monkeying with the tariff that the business of the country becomes unsettled.

J. C. SIBLEY will not take his seat in the lower house of Congress until December 1899 unless Congress is convened in extraordinary session. The glamor of the campaign gilding that he has just received will be worn off long before that time and the people who betrayed their own party will ponder how in the world they came to do it. And if Mr. Sibley should fail to do anything of a startling character to draw attention to himself in Congress he will be relegated to oblivion and desuetude.

IT would seem incredible that a man occupying the position of Mr. Swallow would accuse election boards of the State of intentional fraud. The following quotation taken from Swallow's statement, published in the Weekly Dispatch of York, Pa., will be a surprise to many. He accused nearly everyone of being thieves, and now that election is over he accuses them of fraud: "The machine reaches into most of the polling places of the State. In counting the vote in most instances but one man sees the ballot, and can read whatever he pleases without regard to the markings." This may be Christianity, but if it is it is an almighty poor brand and not safe to tie to.

AS THE free silver plank of the Chicago platform of 1896 received such a death blow last week from its originators, what will the Democrats find for an issue in 1900? They can't very well go back and pick up the old rotten plank of free trade. What will the poor old Democratic mule do? In 1896 the Democrats tore from the poor old skeleton the free trade saddle and adorned the old brute with a free silver blanket. Now the free silver section west of the Mississippi has sent that decision into oblivion by an overwhelming change of votes. What is the old animal going to do? A long hard winter coming on and no covering, will two years will of a necessity elapse before they can devise some other scheme with which they will attempt to fool the people. The old hulk is in bad shape indeed. They have tried States rights, fiat money and greenback currency, free trade and free silver and all have proven total failures. [illegible] they will try next no one [illegible]. They [illegible] and [illegible]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14, 1898.

President McKinley is still receiving congratulations, by mail, from every section of the country on the endorsement given him and his administration—one of the most remarkable endorsements ever given to any President in the middle of his administration—by the voters of the country. The big head is an affliction unknown to him, but the President is naturally proud of the confidence in him, which the re-election of a Republican majority in the House and the election of State legislatures, which insure a big Republican majority in the Senate, expressed, and anxious that his future policy in connection with our newly acquired territory and his recommendations to Congress shall be of such a nature as to merit a continuance of that confidence. If a conscientious desire to do the right thing for the country will enable him to do it, he will succeed.

Having failed in the election, the Democrats have returned to their old occupation of trying to create dissension among the victorious Republicans. They are circulating stories to the effect that friends of the President are trying to prevent Speaker Reed being re-elected Speaker of the next House. There is not a word of truth in the stories and it is as certain as anything in the future can be that Mr. Reed will be Speaker of the next House, unless he declines to be.

At the last meeting of the cabinet, the American peace commissioners, at Paris, were instructed to notify the Spanish commissioners that this government would call time on them if they did not hurry up and get down to business on our demand for the Philippines—a demand that is unalterable and which must be either accepted or refused, regardless of what any other government may do or threaten to do. In other words, Spain must understand that European interference, even if it could be brought about, would not change the policy of this government one iota.

While President McKinley will, under no circumstances, attempt to interfere with the selection of Senator by any of the Republican State legislatures, there isn't the slightest doubt that Representative Babcock of Wisconsin who, as chairman of the Republican Congressional campaign committee, has made a new record that is not likely to be broken, by electing a Republican majority of the House at three consecutive Congressional elections, will have his best wishes in his campaign for election to the Senate. This is not because of any objection to either of the other able Republicans who are candidates for the Senate, but because President McKinley thinks that Mr. Babcock's work for the party has given him a claim upon the highest honors at the disposal of the Republicans of Wisconsin.

Adjutant General Corbin, in his annual report, refers to an existing law which prevents the enlistment in the army of persons not citizens of the United States, and says: "The new conditions will, however, make a modification of this statute desirable, to the end that the enlistment of from one company to a batallion of natives for each regiment serving in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines may be authorized. The advantage of this is too obvious for discussion."

According to the annual report of Commissioner General T. V. Powderly, just made public, the total number of immigrants to the United States during the last fiscal year was 229,299, being 1,533 fewer than came during the previous year. During the year 3,030, who were undesirable, from one cause or another, principally pauperism, were debarred. Mr. Powderly recommends that the head tax be increased from $1 to $2, to provide a fund to "enlarge the bureau's operations to its full capacity for usefulness in protecting American citizens from disease, tax payers from the imposition of unjust burdens, and the hospitals, charitable and penal institutions of the country from demoralization by the corrupt citizens of other countries."

Representative Miller and other New York Republicans who have been in Washington since the election, appear to think that Hon. Chauncey M. Depew will be the Republican elected to succeed Senator Murphy, unless there is a great change in party sentiment before the legislature meets.

Admiral Schley, who was one of our military commissioners charged with the duty of arranging for the evacuation of Porto Rico, is in Washington. He brought a full report of the work of himself and colleagues in Porto Rico with him, and it is now in the hands of the President. He refuses to discuss any of the numerous sensational stories dealing with the relations, both personal and official, between himself and Admiral Sampson, but has expressed an ardent desire to get hold of the man who started the story that he was a Democrat. He says that as a naval officer he has no politics other than his country and does not consider any other necessary; that his first and paramount duty is to the administration. Secretary Long has not decided what duty Admiral Schley will next be assigned to, but will endeavor to meet the Admiral's wishes after conferring with him.

HON. WEBSTER DAVIS IN THE FIGHT.

The following from the Washington Post, independent, is high and meritorious praise of an earnest advocate of protection and sound money. The subject of the pen sketch is a cousin of Mr. Lemuel Davis, county commissioner:

It is pleasant to turn aside for a moment, from the boastfulness and jealousy, the arrogance and self-esteem of certain public men, and contemplate the achievements of modest worth and unassuming merit. The Hon. Webster Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has just illustrated for our enlightenment and reassurance the possibilities that are open to a man of real ability and worth who goes forth, without the meretricious aid of clamorous announcement.

Mr. Davis has no claque. He is enveloped in no nimbus of manufactured notoriety, nor aided by any accessories of artificial reputation. Yet Mr. Davis has just concluded a tour of the country extending from Pennsylvania to the Pacific coast, and the harvest of his oratory is Republican triumph all along the route. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, California and Washington, he has strengthened the party by his eloquent and patriotic appeals. Quay owes him for much of his hard won success against the most powerful opposition he has ever yet encountered. In Ohio Mr. Davis fought a valiant fight with burning words and sumptuous periods that carried conviction to every doubting heart. In Indiana he helped to perpetuate a Republican ascendancy which, to say the least of it, is abnormal and depends upon most extraordinary and unusual circumstances. In Kansas, where Mr. Davis was especially active, the Populists have been driven out of power for the first time in many years, even Jerry Simpson, the pow wow of Medicine Lodge, having gone down before the storm of popular enthusiasm. In Nebraska Mr. Davis was a most conspicuous agent of the political revolution which recovered the State to Republicanism by a most remarkable majority. In California Mr. Davis' party has swept everything before it, and in Washington, the tremendous majority which sent Hon. J. Hamilton Lewis to Congress two years ago has been extinguished and that picturesque and most attractive statesman has been retired to private life.

[illegible] it will be said by persons of a [illegible] mental habit that [illegible] are mere coincidences. We shall neither deny nor argue the ungracious point. It is worthy of remark, however, that a still more noticeable coincidence is discernable in the situation—the coincidence of Democratic gains in almost every State which Hon. Webster Davis did not visit, and among nearly all of the communities which were deprived of the stimulus of his oratory. Enough to point out the facts and leave the country to form its own conclusions. We shall not say in so many words that Mr. Davis is the only political apostle in the land. We content ourselves with a simple statement of the fact that his itinerary has been converted into a trail of Republican victory and leave to others the task of explaining it upon any hypothesis save that of his personal magnetism, his contagious fervor and his brilliant flow of language.

ECONOMIC ZOOLOGY IN PENN'A.

To most people the term "Economic Zoology" means but little and the importance of work in this subject is not understood. To define the term, zoology is the study of animals, their structure, life, habits, etc., and economic zoology is the application of these facts to man, to aid him in protecting himself and his crops from their injuries, or, in the case of domestic animals, to assist him in giving them proper care, and protecting them from injury.

The estimated value of farm products in Pennsylvania in 1889—nearly ten years ago—was over $120,000,000, and of market garden and small fruits, $1,500,000. The value of the fruit crop, apparently, has never been estimated, but it is at least worth 5,000,000 each year. Thus we have agricultural products valued at not far from $130,000,000 produced each year in Pennsylvania, and every kind of product is attacked and injured in varying amount by different animals.

It is impossible to give figures showing the value of the live stock of this Commonwealth at the present time, as recent estimates are not available. But the horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry of the State are valued at over $80,000,000, and much loss in these lines is met with each year as the result of the attacks of other animals.

How much is lost by the attacks of injurious animals, chiefly insects, is difficult to determine. Several attempts have, however, been made to estimate the loss, and it is believed to be at least one-tenth of the amount actually produced. If this be correct and those who have most studied the subject believe it to be below, rather than above the facts—Pennsylvania each year loses in this way over $13,000,000. To this must also be added the loss from crops, gathered, it is true, but of poor quality, due to injuries by animals. It is well known that a barrel of apples free from the apple worm will sell for considerably more than a barrel of wormy ones, and, in this way much loss is incurred. The effect of ticks and other parasites on stock; of gapes in fowls, and of lice, all come in here as direct losses, for even when the animals affected do not die their value as producers is greatly decreased.

But losses by the attacks of insects and other animals do not end here. Timber is seriously injured by borers, leaf eaters, twig girders, etc., which not infrequently destroy acres of valuable wood. Grain, after leaving the hands of the grower, is often attacked by weevils and other insects and when millers find their mills infested with these pests in consequence, much expense is often necessary before the mills can be cleared of them. Even after being ground the danger is not over, and dealers in cereal products often lose large sums, as a consequence of the appearance in their storehouses of the different kinds of insects which injure their goods. Every housekeeper has discovered that some forgotten woolen garment has been so riddled by clothes moths as to render it worthless, or that her furniture and carpets are being injured by Buffalo beetles.

These are but a few of the many ways in which man is attacked by animals and suffers much loss from their devastations, and it is probably well within the facts to say that the State of Pennsylvania loses in this way at least $15,000,000 each year.

The above is an astonishing estimate to one who has never looked into the subject, and hardly to be believed possible. The reason for this skepticism however is plain. A year in which this loss has never occurred has never been known, and hence we have no standard of an insect-free year to compare others by. Let the loss on any crop rise from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent., however, and the outcry is great. The average loss is anticipated, or at least we are resigned to it; at the exceptional loss, we rebel.

To prevent this loss, or as much of it as possible, is the work of the economic zoologist. He must be familiar with the lives of the injurious animals, their ways, when, how, and where they do their injuries and what methods to pursue to prevent, or, as far as possible, to repair their damages. In the majority of cases this can be easily done, and at a slight cost, as compared with the amount of saving which results.

Other States have long recognized the value of this work and have liberally supported it. Massachusetts began to employ an expert in the subject in 1831, and has profited greatly by her foresight. New York appointed a State entomologist (restricting the work to insects) in 1853, and the Hon. A. B. Dickinson has given it as his opinion that the fourteen New York entomological reports of Dr. Fitch, the first incumbent, have saved annually to the State over $50,000, at an annual expense of less than $4,000. Missouri established such a position in 1867, and the seven reports issued by Dr. Riley are constantly quoted as invaluable both to the farmer and the scientist. Illinois, Minnesota, Ohio and in fact nearly every State in the union now recognizes the importance of the work and is giving aid to its further development.

The work is yearly becoming more important, as every season insects are becoming more abundant and injurious. One hundred, or even fifty, years ago the amount of destruction was small as compared with to day. Since that time many of the most injurious forms of Europe and other countries, unhindered by immigration laws, have invaded this country and developed an increased destructiveness here. Others, native to this country, have extended their range with disastrous results, the Colorado potato beetle being a conspicuous example. Our very methods of agriculture have changed in a manner which favors the rapid increase and spread of injurious forms; the destruction of our song birds has removed one great check to the rapid increase of insects; and other factors are also present.

One illustration of the value of work in this line may be given: The Gypsy moth is a European insect of great destructiveness but is kept somewhat in check in its native land by various conditions now present in this country. It was accidently introduced into Massachusetts about 1870, but nothing was heard of it till 1889. During this time it spread over an area of more than 200 square miles. It has been known to feed on over 500 different kinds of plants, including nearly all our native forest trees, fruit trees, field crops, garden vegetables and flowers, and strips the leaves from the plants, causing the entire destruction of the crops of every kind. It is very resistant to the action of poisons and is the most serious pest this country has ever known. The State of Massachusetts, recognizing this, is freely expending large sums of money in the attempt to exterminate this insect, and appears to be succeeding in so doing. $775,000 has already been expended in the work, but if this had not been done and the insect left unchecked, to multiply and spread, the result to the entire United States would have been most serious. The Gypsy moth work has been conducted under the direction of [illegible] work of its kind the world has ever seen, will be successful.

Something similar may occur at any time in Pennsylvania. The San Jose Scale, a very serious pest, got well established in this State before there was an Economic Zoologist or it might have been kept out, and thousands of dollars saved. The Harlequin Cabbage Bug is a source of much loss to cabbage growers in the South, and is now in Maryland, New Jersey and Ohio. If it is not already in Pennsylvania it soon will be, if it is not watched for by those who know it and how to destroy it. Insects, usually unimportant, sometimes under favorable conditions do great damage, as was the case this fall in Blair county, where the insects known as walking sticks stripped the trees of their leaves, over an area of more than a square mile. These and other subjects of investigation are always appearing to demand the attention of the Economic Zoologist in addition to the attention he needs to give to the usual injurious animals always present.

To study the injurious animals; to learn how to control them; to guard the State from invasion by animals from outside; to aid the people in every possible way in saving the millions of dollars they now lose each year—these are the duties of a State Economic Zoologist.

RESPECT TO THE FALLEN.

The Bradford Record talks to the point as follows:

In reference to the vanquished it is right that the victor should be generous and respect the feelings of a defeated candidate and the members of his family. Some of the papers which supported Mr. Sibley during the late campaign, now that the election is over and the die is cast, continue to abuse Mr. C. W. Stone. This is not in line with fair principles and it should be frowned down by all well meaning persons. It cannot be believed for a moment that Mr. Sibley himself would approve of the abuse heaped upon Mr. Stone after his defeat. The Warren Mirror takes the matter up very forcibly and the Record heartily coincides with its views, which are expressed as follows: "The campaign is ended. The election is over. A generous victor would have some regard for the feelings of the vanquished, but this is not an attribute of the local Sibley organ. In its brutish way the abuse of Congressman Stone is kept up. Common decency, at least, would prompt a man to respect the feelings of Mr. Stone's family, although the organ people might harbor unyielding hatred to Mr. Stone himself. And a long suffering community would enjoy a respite from the vile methods to which the Sibley worshipper has devoted himself during the campaign. Those people should ask themselves whether it would be the thing if their families had to submit to the abuse and annoyance which such brutish and disgusting slurs cause? It is cowardly. It is attacking an unarmed man. It is the method of the thug and coward who, when they have their man down, jump on to him with both feet. It is a positive shame that a newspaper should be allowed to indulge in such Spanish like attacks, in a decent community. The thing is done. Why not be generous with silence if your heart does rankle with hatred towards one who certainly never harmed you, though he may never have given you a postoffice? Much indignation was expressed by decent Democrats, and there are such, and by others at the vile, silly, cowardly and unmanly slurs and insinuations cast at Mr. Stone Wednesday evening, for no other reason than that 'might,' in this case, makes 'right.' If you have no regard for other people's feelings have some respect for your own family. You have won what you played for; why not let it go at that? What is there to gain now by personal insult and vituperation? You may not respect Mr. Stone, which is no loss to him, but common decency would suggest a greater degree of temperance in your brutish insinuations. If you must explode once a day go in the cellar and have it out by yourself."

DUN'S REPORT.

The country has safely passed the trial of "off year" elections, which for forty years have always shown a tendency to a change of policy, but this year has entrenched sound money behind a majority impregnable for at least four years in the Senate, and has retained a working majority for sound money in the House, for though some members classed as Republicans are for silver, as many classed as Democrats are for the gold standard. The remarkable gain for sound money in many far western States shows that the cheap money fanaticism has been broken down by national prosperity, so that there is certainty of uninterrupted business for at least four years to come. Other business conditions are not less favorable, and with labor questions causing no general trouble, with no anxiety about money, and with heavy crops met by large foreign demand, there is every reason now to look for improvement. No doubt the result of elections will also facilitate the settlement of pending questions with Spain.

Before this election everything except political uncertainties favored business enlargement. The volume of trade has been the greatest ever known in October, and the greatest ever known in any month except December, 1892. The record on November thus far shows clearings 10.4 per cent larger than last year, and 9.3 per cent. larger than in 1892. The railroad earnings in October have been 5.2 per cent. larger than last year, and 8.0 per cent. larger than in 1892. Foreign trade shows an increase of 30 per cent. in October exports, with 38 per cent. in exports from New York last week, while imports showed a gain of only 22 per cent. in October, and credits against foreign bankers were piling up at an inconvenient rate. There was and is absolutely no anxiety about the currency, and the treasury is only too strong. When enormous exports of products are considered, it seems quite impossible for the country to meet with serious monetary trouble, especially in view of past surplus in favor of this country.

Wheat declined nearly a cent, but recovered all the loss, with Atlantic exports, flour included, of 3,338,309 bushels, against 3,374,489 last year, and Pacific exports 2,015,961 against 1,522,382 last year. Western receipts, 9,224,045 bushels for the week, against 7,285,314 last year, continue to render the holding back of stocks manifestly a failure. Corn has but slightly changed in price, with exports of 2,063,331 bushels, against 2,474,541 last year, and an increase of more than a half in western receipts. Cotton remains at the lowest price on record, with heavy receipts and without large milling demand.

REVENGE AND TREACHERY DID IT.

The figures showing the vote for Governor and for Congress in the Twenty-seventh district, where Charles W. Stone was defeated by the demagogue Sibley, are most significant. We give it by counties:—

Counties	Governor W A Stone	Governor Jenks	Congress Stone	Congress Sibley
Cameron	766	380	[illegible]	361
McKean	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Warren	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Venango	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Totals	12151	10071	11730	13966

While W. A. Stone, for Governor, had a plurality in the district of 2080, C. W. Stone, for Congress, was beaten by 2236. This is a conspicuous display of treachery that will be long remembered.—Phila. Press.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by [illegible]

Figures Don't Lie.

It doesn't take much knowledge of mathematics to figure out the facts about the dread disease consumption. Statistics have long ago demonstrated that one-seventh of all the deaths in Christendom each year may be safely attributed to consumption and allied diseases.

There is an almost certain cure and a positive preventive for this fatal disease if taken in time. The story of what it will do is told in the following letter:

"About two and a half years ago, when I was at Flat Lick, Ky.," writes J. W. Jordan, Esq., of Corbin, Whitley Co., Ky., "I was taken with severe pains in the chest, after which I began to spit up blood and was also troubled with night-sweats. I was so short winded that I could hardly walk half a mile at once, and if I got the least bit overheated, I would have an attack of phthisic (asthma) and almost die for about two or three days. I concluded to try Dr. R. V. Pierce, and I related my case to him. He wrote me that I should take his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I began using it and used about six bottles. I began to see that it was helping me, so concluded to continue its use. I did so and have improved both in strength and in weight. I have not had the phthisic nor spit up any blood since last spring."

This great remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—cures 98 per cent. of all laryngial, bronchial, throat and kindred affections which if neglected lead up to consumption. It strengthens the stomach and makes the appetite keen and hearty. It invigorates the liver and aids the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. Honest dealers will not urge you to take a substitute said to be "just as good."

Send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser FREE. Enclose 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy. Cloth binding ten cents extra. It is a thousand page book with over seven hundred illustrations; formerly sold for $1.50. For limited time can be had for cost of mailing.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 12, June Term, 1898.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maggie Baker did, on the 26th day of February, 1898, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Albert Baker.

We therefore command you, the said Albert Baker, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Maggie Baker, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maggie Baker, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Hereof fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
A. P. Heny, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1898.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 125, June Term, 1898.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary E. Carey did on the 12th day of March, 1898, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county praying for the causes therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles A. Carey.

We therefore command you, the said Charles A. Carey, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Mary E. Carey, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Carey, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Hereof fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
Bouton & Gallup, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1898.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 129, June Term, 1898.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Sarah J. Shea did, on the 22nd day of April, 1898, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Shea.

We therefore command you, the said James Shea, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Sarah J. Shea, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Sarah J. Shea, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Hereof fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
E. M. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1898.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 26, June Term, 1898.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Quickenbush by her next friend L. Mead did, on the 18th day of April, 1898, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Clarence Quackenbush.

We therefore command you, the said Clarence Quackenbush, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Quickenbush and show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Quickenbush your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
C. J. Curtis, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1898.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 16, June Term, 1898.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Florence A. M. Allen did, on the 28th day of February, 1898, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Allen.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Allen, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Florence A. M. Allen and show cause, if any you have, why the said Florence A. M. Allen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. J. F. DAVIS, Sheriff.
Rufus B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1898.

Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1898.

Second partial account of H. L. Chapman, Executor of the last will and testament of A. M. Benton, late of Port Allegany, Pa., deceased.

First and final account of W. J. Hogan, Executor of the last will and testament of Sarah M. Ryan, late of Lafayette, Pa., deceased.

First account of Norbert K. Shaffer, Administrator of the estate of Clarinda Ann Harley, late of Kane Borough, Pa., deceased.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Register.
H. M. CHOATE, Deputy.
Smethport, Pa., November 15th, 1898.

Executor's Notice.

Letters testamentary in the Estate of Mrs. Ann Elida Taylor, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, having been issued to the undersigned executor, all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment and those having claims against the same to present them for payment, duly authenticated.

WM. D. GALLUP,
Executor of the Estate of Mrs. Ann Elida Taylor, deceased.
Smethport, Pa., Oct. 27, 1898.—6t.

If You Don't Find What You Want

in other Agricultural Journals try

The Practical Farmer of Philadelphia.

52 Times a Year For $1.00.

Send for free sample copy.

We will send it for one year together with a year's subscription to the Miner for only $1.75.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,
The famous little pills.

The Day of National Thanksgiving

is due Nov. 24th. We have many things to be thankful for. Thankful for the successful ending of the war, for national prosperity, for continued good health and happy homes. You can add to your enjoyment of Thanksgiving if you take advantage of our specials on Sideboards, Dining Tables and Chairs. Peculiar thing about this day, it always suggests turkeys, feasting, mince pies, and—nightmare. If you will carefully digest the prices on our Thanksgiving Furniture Sale you will not be haunted by visions of big bills, shabby goods or poor finish.

WE ARE SHOWING—

35 styles Side-boards, $12 to $40
20 " Tables, $4.50 to $18
35 " Chairs, $3.50 to $20

We are the cheapest store in this section, and can save you money.

200 White poles complete, 15c
100 Cloth window shades, 25c
Lace curtains 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c and $1.00 per pair
Tapestry portiers, $1.75 to $8.00 per pair
Rich Axminster rugs, 27x63 inches, $1.98
" " " 36x72 " $2.98
Brussels and Velvet rugs, 26x54 inches, $1.25
10 patterns Brussels Carpets, 50c
Royal Wilton Velvets, $1.05
Solid Antique Oak Chamber Suites, $13.50
Good Pillows, $1.25 per pair

We pay freight. We sew Carpets free.

ANDREWS & CONKLING,
135-137-139 North Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

Cash Bargain Day,
Sat. Nov. 19,
At J. COLEGROVE'S

Argo Gloss Starch, per lb 3½c
Half pint bottle of catsup 10c
Blended Java coffee, lb 28c
We repeat White Clover table syrup in quart cans, regular price 12c, to-day 10c
3-oz bottle of vanilla extract to day at 15c
1-lb pkg Dunham's cocoanut 30c
½ " " " " 17c
¼ " " " " 8c
Gilt Edge soda, pkg 6c
Rolled oats in 2-lb pkgs each 8c
1-lb can Golden Harvest baking powder—every can warranted or money refunded, to-day 18c
Maple syrup in qt cans 22c
Shrimp, best grade, per can 21c
Armour Star sliced bacon, per can 22c
Any Corset in the store to-day 75c
Great bargains in Ladies' Coats and Capes. Come early, sizes are getting broken. A sample price—former was $7.00—will close to-day for $3.50

J. Colegrove,
106 EAST MAIN STREET.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

REMOVED TO
The GALLAR BLOCK
JOHN MILLER,
THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR
CUTS OF LATEST STYLES
Free for the Inspection of Customers.
Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.

ACME MILL,
J. H. GREEN, Prop'r.

MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:
Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

SUIT CASES
TRUNKS
TRAVELING BAGS
TELESCOPES

The best in town at prices that are as low as good articles can be sold for. You can get the best goods in this line where a specialty is made of this stock and you have a variety to select from.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

John Vanblad,
Practical Horseshoer.

I have rented the blacksmith shop of T. H. Purtle and am now well prepared to do

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.

A share of your patronage solicited.

John Vanblad,
WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. PALMER,
Livery, Feed and
Sale Stables,
DEALER IN
Horses,
Carriages,
Wagons,
Harness,
Etc.
201 West Water Street.
Smethport, Pa.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD,
Thrice-a-Week Edition.
THE BEST PAPER AT THE LOWEST PRICE
156 Papers a Year
FOR ONE DOLLAR.
AS GOOD AS A DAILY AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

During the Spanish-American war THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD proved its great value by the promptness, thoroughness and accuracy of its reports from all the scenes of important events. It was as useful as a daily to the reader, and it will be of equal value in reporting the great and complicated questions which are now before the American people.

It prints the news of all the world, having special correspondence from all important news points on the globe. It has brilliant illustrations, stories by great authors, a capital humor page, complete markets, departments for the household and women's work and other special departments of unusual interest.

We offer this unequaled newspaper and THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.25.

PALACE PHARMACY,
DR. BURG CHADWICK, Propr.
Retailer and Jobber of
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Extracts, Toilet Articles, etc.
SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS STORE
AT BRADFORD.

Plenty of stores sell toys now—little assortments of every-day toys. This store carries all toys. The new toys are here—the novelties—the toys that please.

There is great satisfaction in selecting toys here. You will find the store full of new toys like these:—

Practical Toy Typewriter
Toy sewing Machine
Merry-Go-Round
Saw buck and Saw
The Telephone
Galvanic Battery
Ferris Wheel
Garden Swing.

Then we have a whole department of patriotic toys, such as every real boy wants this year.

Soldier Sets on Cards
Tin Soldiers
Toy Cannon
Air Guns
Ships
Swords, Etc.

All the iron toys are here—tool chests 25c up—printing presses—magic lanterns—banks—engines—everything.

Dolls—more than a thousand.
Games—one hundred different kinds.
Toy Books—5c to 25c—myriads of them.

Practical Gifts—things that people keep—most people know that this store affords large savings in all such lines as these:

Sewing Machines—We sell the latest Demorest with every modern improvement for $19.50 cash.
China—A stock so large that we show 100 styles of Dinner Sets alone.
Silverware—None but quadruple plate or sterling. No prices can compare with ours on such ware but worthless, temporary ware is not sold here.
Lamps—All the novelties, including the new encrusted lamps.
Jewelry—Diamonds—Watches—Clocks—Cut Glass—Silk Umbrellas—Fine Pottery—Art Wares, Etc. The finest stock in this vicinity.

HORSE BLANKETS.

A single good horse blanket may warrant a trip to Bradford. The saving we make you will be a quarter the price, perhaps. The satisfaction of buying from people who know what good horse blankets are is even a better feature. We have all styles that are worth having, and any price that you want.

Burlington, and all other good stable blankets.

EMERY & WEAVER,
L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
BRADFORD.

NEW GOODS
AT STORE OF
D. C. YOUNG.

Please call and examine. Prices reduced. All goods sold only for cash.

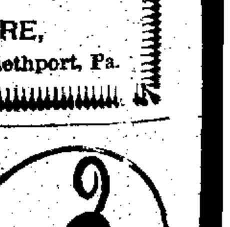
D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.
Oct. 10, 1898.

INSECTICIDES
WE SELL ALL KINDS.

Benzine is coming into favor rapidly for destroying Carpet Bugs, Buffalo Moths, &c. We sell it in any quantity from a pint to five gallons, at lowest prices, at

McCOYS' DRUG STORE,
I. O. O. F. Block. Smethport, Pa.

Where are We at?
Our Office is at
Smethport, McKean County, Pa.
BUT
We are with You if you wish to Buy
Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us



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Glass.

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Taking time by the forelock we give our friends the opportunity to select their Christmas Gifts now and thus avoid the rush and disappointment or slim stocks of a few weeks later.

Our assortment speaks eloquently for itself.

We emphasize

LEATHER GOODS
BASKETS
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TOYS
DOLLS
ART GOODS
SILVER NOVELTIES
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F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Take a Good Look at Yourself.

The best way to get a GOOD look is to come to my studio and get a photograph taken. The fine effects and finish of Platino pictures are sure to please you. "Come early and avoid the rush."

Entertain Your Friends

with an Improved Graphophone. Cheapness combined with a high altitude of excellence makes them good sellers. For further information call on

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

A Box of 25
AMERICAN GENTLEMAN CIGARS
makes a neat Xmas gift. No gentleman will refuse it, and your dealer has them in stock. Don't forget this, and insist on having the genuine article.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Build more houses.

—Rake up the leaves.

—Mince and pumpkin pie.

—Get ready to give thanks.

—Turkey and cranberry sauce.

—Send in and renew your subscription.

—Clean up the rubbish around your house.

—The need of more dwelling houses is felt here.

—Plant your holiday advertisement in the MINER.

—See that your cellars are in proper shape for winter.

—All of the weather prophets are predicting a hard winter.

—Read J. Colegrove's advertisement of Saturday cash bargains.

—The hunters are kept busy burning powder and wasting shot.

—A. E. Stickles quotes some very low prices for his Saturday bargain sales.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will have a sale of cooked food on Dec. 15.

—The Extract works have been shut down a few days for boiler inspection.

—Look at the label on your MINER and see if you are reading your own paper.

—The hunter who generally gets the buck fever is anxiously looking for a fall of snow.

—S. Hicks, optician, will be at the Palace Pharmacy on Monday and Tuesday next.

—Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co. call your attention this week to their fine line of winter goods.

—Note change in the advertisement of F. G. Lindholm & Co. at the head of these columns.

—A. J. Warnhofsky has workmen employed in making quite extensive repairs on his bottling works.

—C. C. Gallup has about completed some extensive improvements on his Green street residence.

—There will be prayer meeting at the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:30, Sunday school at 11:30.

—Prof. E. Houseworth, the eye specialist, can be consulted at M. L. Armstrong's store next Monday.

—A man in New Jersey last week sold his wife aged 18 years for $5. It was a mutual agreement all around.

—A box of American Gentleman cigars would make a very appropriate Christmas present. See ad. at the head of these columns.

—The Jamestown High School football team defeated the Bradford High School eleven at Jamestown on Saturday by a score of 50 to 0.

—H. A. Landis of Coudersport was here yesterday. He expects to start a dancing school at the opera house next Wednesday night.

—Rev. Allen Prescott who for two years has officiated at St. Joseph's church, Port Allegany, has accepted a like position at Cuba, N. Y.

—The glass factories of Pittsburg resumed operations last Monday and 10,000 men who had been idle for a long time were given employment.

—Boys, gather up the butternuts. They are a great treat during the long winter evenings and assist wonderfully in making the time pass pleasantly.

—Marriage licenses: Chas. Hedlund, Lantz, and Miss Anna S. Anderson, Kane; Michael Hungiville, Kane, and Miss Theresa M. Kleinath, Rasselas.

—At Buffalo on Saturday Company C's football team for the second time this season went down before the University of Buffalo eleven. Score 28 to 6.

—The S. N. McCoy glass works at Kane started up on Monday. During the recent shut down this plant was enlarged and now gives employment to 300 men.

—Dan McGraw of Bradford died at the poor house Wednesday morning of consumption. The funeral took place yesterday morning at St. Elizabeth's church. Interment in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

—The carpenters engaged on W. F. Walsh's new house on Water street are rushing the structure as rapidly as possible. The chances are that it will be ready for occupancy [illegible]

—The W. C. T. U. in convention at St. Paul, Minn., last Monday, by a vote of 255 to 71, defeated the Temple projected by Miss Frances Willard to be built at Chicago.

—The delegate to the State convention of the W. C. T. U. will give her report Wednesday, November 23, in the M. E. chapel. All are invited to the meeting at 2 p. m.

—Mrs. Fred Grantseer and daughter, Miss Lydia, of Crosby will leave for Baltimore to-day. Fred is inconsolable, owing to the fact that he is compelled to keep bachelor's hall—nit.

—Greenewald's, the leading modern clothiers of Bradford, have a new advertisement in another column that will pay those contemplating the purchase of anything in their line to peruse.

—Hon. C. H. Foster died at his home in Bradford on Wednesday at 5 p. m. at the advanced age of 72 years. He has been a resident of McKean county since a babe and has filled many positions of trust.

—There will be a business meeting at the Baptist church next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Business of importance will be brought before the meeting. A full attendance is requested by W. D. Camp.

—Rev. Dr. I. T. Walker will preach a Thanksgiving sermon in his pulpit next Thursday, Nov. 24, at 11 o'clock. We have many reasons to pause and most heartily observe this day, which has now become national.

—The residents of Bradford will give a reception to the members of Company C Wednesday evening, Nov. 30, at the Exchange Lyceum. No pains will be spared to make the brave soldier boys realize that they are at home.

—The house of Samuel Southwick in Keating township, which was destroyed by fire two weeks ago, has been replaced by a new one. The generous neighbors and friends formed a "bee," and it did not take long to get things to moving.

—Elsewhere in this issue appears the new advertisement of Andrews & Conkling, Olean's leading furniture dealers, wherein they quote some prices that defy competition. You will find it to your advantage to read their announcement.

—Apropos of lies and liars, where did Mr. Bartle get authority for his statement to the county commissioners that in the event of his securing the contract for printing the ballots a certain MINER office employe would have charge of the job?

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday there will be Holy Communion at 8 a. m. Morning Prayer at 10:30. Evening Prayer at 7:30. Service on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24, at 10:30 a. m., with a short sermon and the usual festival music.

—List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending November 12, 1898: Miss Hattie Brockham (2), Mrs. D. J. Hines, Miss Vida Harris, T. F. Richardson. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Rev. Dr. Walker will preach on the following topics next Sunday: At 10:30 a. m., "The Law of Benevolence." In the evening, "The Idle and Ignorant," the third lecture sermon on the "Dangerous Classes." A most cordial invitation is extended to all.

—Mrs. Margaret C. Barker has received word from the custom house in Pittsburg that she has there two boxes, one containing black and the other green tea, from Mr. George MacBain of Shanghai, China. Mrs. McBain has also sent a piece of China silk.

—A lady told a schoolboy to name the presidents, and when he replied that he couldn't the teacher said, "when I was as old as you I could name all the presidents in their order." The boy replied with more candor than politeness, "There were only a few presidents then."

—The young man who has come back from the far North and describes the Klondike as "one vast, measureless hell of frost, ice and snow," evidently has an imagination which would make him a most successful advertising agent for a circus.—Chicago Times-Herald.

—There is a gang of midnight marauders in this place that are sadly in need of a taste of the law. Chicken stealing and other misdemeanors, too numerous to mention, are of frequent occurrence. They had better cease, for if the law once gets its clutches on them there will be no leniency shown. Boys, take warning.

—The fashion editor of the Port Allegany Reporter gets off the following: There are thousands of people who do not know that the size in underwear is two inches, in a sock an inch, in a collar half an inch, in shoes one-sixth of an inch, in trousers one inch, in hats an eighth of an inch and in gloves a quarter of an inch.

—Mr. John McCandless of Allegheny city, Pa., father of Rev. J. Heber McCandless of St. Luke's church, departed this life on Thursday afternoon, November 10, aged 85 years. There was a requiem celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m. on Sunday, November 13, and the funeral service was at 2:30 p. m. at Christ church, Allegheny.

—The county agricultural convention will be held at the court house on December 29 and 30. Alva Agee of Ohio, Prof. Geo. C. Butts of State College and C. L. Peck of Coudersport will be here to discuss leading questions on agriculture. You cannot afford to miss this and the dates come at a time when farm work will not interfere with your attendance.

—The Uncle Tom's Cabin billed for Wednesday night at the opera house failed to materialize. Uncle Tom and little Eva disbanded at Bradford and the hotels here have been spared.—Port Allegany Reporter. The reason of their non-appearance was that it was too early in the season—no ice in the river for Eliza to skip across on. They will come later.

—At Farmers Valley on Thanksgiving Day there will be services in the church at 11 a. m. Afterward a Thanksgiving dinner will be served at the parsonage. All the members are expected to contribute towards the dinner. Everyone is cordially invited to attend. An opportunity will be given for any that wish to pay something toward the pastor's salary to do so.

—On the first page of this week's MINER will be found the new advertisement of H. W. Marcus, 121 North Union street, Olean, N. Y., calling attention to his new cloak and millinery department. Mr. Marcus needs no introduction to the readers of the MINER who all know him as a thoroughly reliable and honest dealer in every sense of the word. Do not fail to call on him when in Olean.

—A western paper is responsible for the following: An Arizona rancher has posted the following notice on a cottonwood tree near his place: "My wife, Sarah, has left my ranch when I didn't Doo a Thing Too her, and I want it distinktly understood that any man as takes her in and Keeps her on my account will git himself Pumped as full of led that [illegible] will [illegible] him, for a [illegible]. A [illegible] to the [illegible]

—Charles O'Reilly, son of M. O'Reilly, and Miss Emma Fitzsimmons of Hartwell were married at St. Mary's church, Hartwell, on Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 9 o'clock, by the Rev. Briody. The party was then served with an elegant breakfast at the bride's home, and at 3 p. m. they took the train for Buffalo. They will go to Pittsburg, where they expect to make their future home.

—The MINER was grieved to hear of the sudden death yesterday of an old time friend of ye editor, Charles W. Welton of Sinnemahoning. The deceased was one of the most whole souled men of that section and the writer has known him for many years. He was a member of Eulalia Lodge, No. 342, F. & A. M., of Coudersport and was held in high esteem by the members thereof.

—Last Friday J. B. Oviatt came to town with a bear weighing 240 pounds that he had caught in a trap on Wednesday. The animal was quite fat and had a fine coat of black fur. Jones & Church purchased old bruin and their market contained quite an attraction for the people of the town, many of whom experimented on bear steak. It is rarely that they come after the second portion.

—Rick Donovan, who has been confined to his rooms for the past two weeks, was taken to the sanatarium at Elmira last night with the hope that he will receive some benefit from this institution. Mr. Donovan has many warm personal friends throughout this section who will join with the Republican in the wish that he will receive much benefit from his trip.—Monday's Kane Republican.

—Mrs. Ellia Henderson, colored, widow of Robert Henderson, died at her home in Meadville on Wednesday evening of last week, at the age of 100 years, 5 months and 25 days. The deceased was born in Bellefonte, Pa., and had lived in Meadville since 1850, her husband preceding her to the grave in 1881, at the age of 96 years. She was the mother of 13 children, of whom four are living.—Citizen-Press.

—On Thanksgiving day the boarders at the St. James and Bay State hotels in Bradford will play a game of football at the Washington street grounds in the morning of that day. To a man up a tree this scheme looks as though it was devised by the proprietors of these famous hostelries in order to save their provender. The chances are that very few of the contestants will be able to get back to the hotels, unless carried there in an ambulance.

—Danny Mann's combination failed to show up Monday night and as a consequence Mr. Russell's opera house was in darkness. The company went to pieces while playing a return date at Smethport. It was quite a disappointment to Coudersport theatre goers as the press notices of the show in neighboring towns spoke highly of the company.—Potter Democrat. Brother Coulston, what's the matter with your pleasant town. Even Uncle Tom and little Eva failed to show up.

—In response to a request from T. Hanley Beam, an Ohio man, for the shoes he wore during the battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey has written a letter in which he says: "I have a great many pairs of shoes and never wear the same pair on two days in succession, and consequently have not the least idea which pair I wore on May 1. I send you a souvenir, however, of that memorable day. It is a rabbit's foot that I have had for some time and which brought me luck. May it bring you as much."

—The marvellous run made Hon. Marlin Olmsted, a former Potter county boy, for re-election to Congress in the 14th district, composed of the counties of Dauphin, Lebanon and Perry, will cause the hearts of his many Potter county friends to swell with honest pride. He ran ahead of every man on the ticket. His majority over Gray, his Democratic opponent, was 9,185, over Grumbine, the Prohi candidate, 16,510 and over both 6,617. Mr. Olmsted's record in the 55th Congress has been of such a high character that the voters of the 14th district were inclined to make it almost unanimous.

—A certain man in Ceres is the custodian of a fine porker that belongs to a man in Allentown. Recently he had a chance to sell it, and the intending purchaser made him two offers for it, one offer was for the hog killed and dressed and the second for the same alive. He wrote the owner to know his wishes in the matter. The owner sent the following reply by telephone: "Sell the hog alive." The operator, being a little hard of hearing, astonished the keeper of the porker by by handing him the following message: "Tell the hog he lies.—Ceres Mail.

—Last Saturday Leon Hogarth decorated the front windows of Armstrong & Co.'s drug store with relics of E. M. Kerns, deceased, and R. C. Sasse who recently returned from Porto Rico. In the west window were the accoutrements of E. M. Kerns, together with an English bull-dog revolver and a Spanish flag captured by him at the battle of Coamo. The other window contained the entire outfit carried by Mr. Sasse in the Porto Rican campaign. Last Sunday many people on their way to and from church stopped to view the interesting relics, especially those of Mr. Kerns.

—The latest invention is a pipe line made of glass. The glass manufacturing firm whose plant is located at Port Allegany, in this county, is preparing to make glass tubes that can be used for sending oil or gas across the country; for carrying off sewerage, supplying cities with water, etc. The glass pipe does not corrode; it is impervious to the electrolysis in underground conduits, and it is claimed, is less likely to leak than iron pipe. The Era is informed that an Ohio company is now putting in such a pipe line and a practical test of the system will soon be possible for a distance of 100 miles.—Bradford Era.

—"He" (the editor of the MINER) "has deliberately lied as to the amount of our bid, as we have papers in our possession which prove that our bid was $134 50 instead of $124 50."—Port Allegany Press. There are papers in the possession of the county commissioners which prove that the bid was $124 50—no more, no less. The commissioners gave D. W. Lerch an order on the county treasury of $300 for printing the ballots, which was cashed by Deputy Treasurer J. R. Shoemaker. Mr. John Perry, financial backer of the Press, gave to the commissioners his personal check for $175.50, the difference between Lerch's bill of $300 and Bartle's bid of $124 50. Now who lied?

—An exchange tells how a man in a neighboring town who thinks he knows it all got revenge on election day. The next day he went into one of the prominent hotels in town with a sample ballot and was showing a friend how he voted. "Now," he said, "I just made up my mind that I would scratch that cussed cur off my ticket." Then he took a pencil from his pocket and made a cross where his enemy's name appeared. "Didn't you make any more marks on your ballot?" asked his friend. "I should say not; that was the fellow I wanted to beat." "Why, you monkey, that fellow you made your cross mark was the only person you voted for." The intelligent citizen dropped his chin on his collar button and he went out like a cat shot with a [illegible]

—Mrs. William Grigsby of Cemetery street, who has been ill for a long time, died last night. The deceased was born in August Co., Va., April 3, [illegible]. She was married Sept. 11, 1860. Three children blessed this union only one of which survives her, Mrs. F. H. Chase. The husband is also left. The deceased has three brothers residing at Millboro, Va. She had been a resident of Smethport 10 years, 15 years of which time she has been a member of the M. E. church. Funeral at 2 p. m. Saturday at the house.

—As the holidays draw near the average mind turns to the purchase of gifts. The place to purchase such gifts is where the largest assortment is found from which to select. A glance at the advertisement of L. Emery, Jr., & Co. will convince you that this great supply house is the place to visit when contemplating the purchase of anything in the line of holiday gifts. Here is found the largest assortment of holiday gifts in northwestern Pennsylvania. Here you can buy anything from a tin soldier to a necklace of diamonds. Do not forget the place, L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford, Pa.

Crushed Under a Car.

Robert McKnight, yardmaster of the B., B. & K. railroad, was instantly killed at 6:10 last evening in a wreck near Oak Hill cemetery. Mr. McKnight, in addition to being yardmaster was an extra conductor, and last evening he started out of Bradford in charge of a passenger train leaving at 4:30. At Hazelwood the passenger train met a freight train in charge of Conductor Richmond and the two conductors changed trains at that place.

As the freight train rounded a curve, at a point not far from Oak Hill cemetery, a fish plate broke and a narrow gauge box car loaded with shingles left the rails and crashed over into the ditch. Conductor McKnight was on top of the car when it overturned and it is presumed that when he felt the car going he leaped to the ground. A barb wire fence stopped the unfortunate man from reaching a place of safety and the car with its heavy load fell upon him and pinned him to the ground.

Engineer Clark quickly stopped the train and as soon as it was found that McKnight was under the car help was sent for. It was almost an hour before the car could be raised and the body taken out. It was found that the ill-fated conductor's back, arms and legs were broken, and it was concluded that death must have been instantaneous. The body was doubled up into a very small space, but the face had miraculously escaped mutilation. The remains were brought to the city on a train that was sent out to the wreck to transfer passengers from Smethport, and taken to Lane's morgue where it was prepared for burial.

Robert McKnight was 50 years of age and had been an employe of the B., B. & K. railroad company for about 14 years. Previous to that time he was employed on the oil leases of Col. J. J. Carter. He was a man of excellent character and highly esteemed. His death was a terrible shock to his numerous friends. Deceased was a veteran of the civil war and a member of the Knights of St. John and Malta. He is survived by a widow, one son, who is employed by the B., B. & K. at Smethport, and a daughter who is now in Mercer, Pa.—Bradford Era, Wednesday.

Resolutions.

The following memorial resolutions were passed by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church of Smethport, Pa.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has removed from our midst our dear sister in Christ, Mrs. Emily Corwin Gleason, and

Whereas, Through this removal great loss is sustained by the Methodist Episcopal church, to whose material interests she ever lent valuable aid, to whose ordinances she yielded, gave reverent and loving observance and whose spiritual development and power she promoted in all ways that were consistent with her sacred home duties; therefore,

Resolved, That while our hearts are saddened through the loss of her sweet presence and of her Christian example, they are comforted with the assurance that she has passed into eternal blessedness; further,

Resolved, That though the bereaved mother and son rejoice in the certainty that their loved one departed in the triumph of the Christian faith, yet, because there must needs come to them unspeakable loneliness, we extend to them our tender sympathy and our earnest prayers that upon them, and upon all mourning friends, may abide a benediction of divine sympathy and love.

KATHERINE E. KIDDER,
EUNICE H. COLEGROVE,
ALICE S. BURLINGAME,
MARY S. SMITH,
SARAH A. SCULL.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, '96.

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of that particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. Scantlebury.

For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Read the change in F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s advertisement on this page. This hustling firm has prepared a surprise in the way of an early display of Christmas attractions. The idea is good and we are sure our readers who make their selections early from this complete stock will be better satisfied and in addition avoid the eleventh hour scramble.

For Sale.

Sealed proposals will be received until Dec 15 1898, for about 200 acres having thereon part of the original timber of oak, ash, hemlock, beech, maple, etc., being part of the old Turtle Point mill property, warrants 115 and 391, Eldred, Pa. Will sell timber without land or minerals. Right to receive or reject all bids. Address

W. S. BROWNELL,
Smethport, Pa.

45-tf

For Sale.

On farm at Lambey, Pa., ten fat dry cows; better for beef than milk. E. F. Rickard, who lives on the farm, is authorized to sell them.

D. C. YOUNG.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1898-tf

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Safe For Sale.

Brand new Carey safe for sale. Inquire at this office.

Small children's suits in pretty patterns, with waist coats, at R. Seger & Son's.

R. Seger & Son wish to call particular attention to their fine line of ladies' collars and cuffs.

People troubled with corns and bunions will find relief by calling on Alfred Stanchfield.

Neckwear in all colors and shapes at R. Seger & Son's.

When in need of a good smoke ask for the "Yukon Girl" and "Magnet" cigars.

Give the "Yukon Girl" a puff.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. W. [illegible] visited [illegible] Monday.

W. [illegible] Seger spent Sunday with his parents at [illegible].

Rev. G. W. Halliwell of Kane was in town yesterday.

M. J. Hadley of Port Allegany attended court this week.

M. W. Moffit of Kane was a witness at court this week.

Mrs. Carl Sasse visited Port Allegany friends Monday.

Dr. J. A. Johnston of Bradford attended court yesterday.

R. R. Wolters visited Mt. Jewett Tuesday night on business.

Robert King transacted business in Port Allegany Monday.

Editor W. L. Lillibridge of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

John P. Melvin of Bradford was in town on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Mullin came over from Bradford Monday.

J. R. Haughney of Eldred was in attendance at court this week.

Ira E. Briggs of Erie attended to his court duties as usual this week.

C. R. Gallup of Mt. Jewett transacted business in town Monday.

C. M. Colegrove visited Jamestown yesterday on a business mission.

Mrs. J. E. Kittredge and Mrs. E. H. Toy [illegible] visited Kane yesterday.

Mrs. C. A. Burdick and Miss Hilda Lawson visited Bradford yesterday.

W. W. Tate, the popular cigar man of Wellsboro, was in town Monday.

W. B. Smith of Kane came down Tuesday, the same genial Walter of old.

O. B. Lay, a prominent business man from Port Allegany, was in town Tuesday.

D. W. Howard of Instanter was a most agreeable caller at this office Monday.

Attorneys J. E. Mullin and Herbert Shaffer of Kane attended court this week.

E. W. Barker of Memphis, Tenn., is visiting Mrs. O. H. Barker for a few days.

Carl Wolford of Port Allegany was viewing the gas territory around here Monday.

J. N. Apple went to Warren Tuesday as Congressional return judge from this county.

F. M. Windsor and nephew, Alf. Abbey, of Bartville were in town on business Monday.

Postmaster Chas. Oberg of Mt. Jewett was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office Monday.

Hon. A. G. Olmsted and J. L. Knox of Coudersport were early arrivals in town Monday.

Miss Nellie Lounsbury of Corydon paid an impromptu visit to the L. O. T. M. Hive here yesterday.

Miss L. J. Young who attended Mrs. Gleason's funeral returned to her home in Jamestown Tuesday.

Mrs. Hortense Newman of Abbott, N. Y., is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Hungerford, of King street.

Jas. A. McKean, Sheridan Gorton and Fred Lyman transacted business in the oil metropolis yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hungiville visited Rasselas Wednesday to attend the wedding of Michael Hungiville.

Ex Senator A. F. Bannon of Bradford was in town last Saturday telling how it all happened on November 8th.

The Rev. J. Heber McCandless has returned from Allegheny and will officiate at St. Luke's on next Sunday.

County Treasurer T. B. Clark came over from Bradford Monday. He has been slightly indisposed for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Greer and daughter, Sarah, of Kane were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reilly over Sunday.

Enos Southwick of Bradford, who recently returned from Porto Rico, spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in town.

T. D. Nash of Bradford was in town Tuesday with a Sibley smile on his face that would have melted a Klondike ice field.

Orlo J. Hamlin went to Buffalo last Friday afternoon to witness the football game between the University of Buffalo and Company C.

A. W. Fletcher who has been employed in the glass works here for some time returned to his home in New Castle Tuesday. He has been ill for some time.

Mrs. D. B. Allen of Otto, N. Y., has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred McCoy and H. M. Choate for several days. Mrs. Allen was formerly a resident of Smethport.

Mesdames Carrie B. Clark, Josephine Rechtenwald, Tilly Peterson, R. W. Rothrock, Laura Nicholas and Lena Gallagher, all of Kane, were guests at the Grand Central this week.

Gen. Clark of Mexico, who has been here for some time on a visit to his brother, Dr. John Clark, departed Monday for his former home at Toronto, Canada. George, your many friends will miss you.

Mrs. Bruce Robbins of Kansas is the guest of relatives and friends in this vicinity. Twenty-one years ago Mrs. Robbins removed with her husband to Kansas. From there they went to Texas and after roaming around that state for about 3 years returned to Kansas, where they have a fine farm.

The veteran, 'Squire C. C. Moses, of Eldred was a most agreeable caller at the MINER office yesterday. His 83 years sit as lightly on his tall and erect form as though a half century had only been his allotted time thus far. There is no better preserved gentleman of the old school than Mr. Moses. His looks give promise of reaching the century mark.

LABADEE.

—The many friends of our station agent, F. C. Crandall, are glad to welcome his cheerful presence at his desk again, after a short but very severe illness.

Mrs. E. O. Rees and sons, Roswell and Rolland, of Corydon are visiting at the home of Mrs. Rees' sister, Mrs. S. P. Rickard.

We are glad to state that Miss Lottie Squires, who is ill with an attack of pneumonia, is at this writing on the road to recovery.

Mrs. B. B. Taylor was called to Clermont last week by the illness of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mae Windsor, who is now convalescing.

F. C. Crandall with his wife and daughter, Orell, visited his mother, Mrs. Orin Crandall, at Turtle Point Monday.

George Rice was called to State Line Tuesday to act as station agent during the coming week. Mrs. Rice accompanied him.

W. W. Tate of Wellsboro was a pleasant caller in town Tuesday.

Miss Anna Littlefield is visiting friends in Olean.

Justice E. S. Carpenter transacted business in Corydon one day last week.

F. Green returned to his home at East Aurora Tuesday.

Alex E. Champlin of Costello was greeting friends in town Wednesday.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide-awake and enterprising than A. B. Armstrong & Co., who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Soothing, healing, cleansing, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure piles. You may rely upon that. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Messrs. E. C. Henry & Co. are headquarters for the best of Christmas [illegible]. Give them a trial.

The finest of room moulding in variety to select from. Call on L. Kennedy Water street.

Smoke the "Yukon Girl."

Civil Court.

Court convened last Monday afternoon, Judges Olmsted and Morrison present, Judge Morrison on the bench.

The following cases were continued: Elisha K. Kane vs. J. E. Decker and Arthur L. Bates, feigned issue; H. B. Southard & Co. vs. W. S. Weed & Co., assumpsit; J. J. Donovan, administrator of the estate of James Donovan, deceased, vs. Mark Hardie, appeal; Tabitha Irwin vs. Mary DeHart and Charles DeHart, trespass; the Rochester Savings and Loan Association of Rochester, N. Y., vs. Alfred H. Pierce and Rose Pierce, scire facias sur mortgage; and John A. Polly vs. C. K. Book, appeal.

The case of Geo. W. Bliss vs. E. A. Van Scoy, William Hadley, Peter Hewett et al., appeal, was discontinued.

In the case of F. J. Humes vs. Mattie A. Suttell and J. J. Suttell, appeal, the plaintiff did not appear nor was he represented by an attorney. The court ordered a non-suit to be entered at the cost of the plaintiff.

The following cases were settled: L. H. Duryea vs. Smith Bros., appeal; George Necessum vs. Mt. Jewett Flint Glass Co., appeal; P. McNamara vs. P. C. Foley, appeal, and Marion M. Smith vs. George K. Welsh, Edward M. Welsh, Eliza K. Welsh, Manufacturer's Gas Co., I. Boyer, J. H. Newcomb, John Knox, Charles Knox, Margaret F. Geer, D. E. Ash and George Myers, ejectment.

In the case of Lindstrom & Bengstrom now for use of Gust Bengstrom vs. P. W. McHale, appeal, nobody appeared for either plaintiff or defendant and a non suit was entered at the cost of the plaintiff.

City of Bradford vs. R. T. Lain et al. Order of court granting reargument filed.

Annie E. Rogers, ex'r, vs. Levi Berlin. Motion for judgment granted.

Bradford National Bank vs. Lafayette Manufacturing Co. The return of the sale of T. B. Clark was filed and confirmed by the court.

C. M. Splaney et al. vs. Borough of Smethport. Motion for leave for the examination of Eliza J. Splaney granted.

Commonwealth vs. Duane Ward. The court refused to grant a motion for an order on the stenographer to file a copy of notes.

The court granted divorces in the cases of Edward H. Grady vs. Sarah Grady; Alice M. Lyne vs. Harry M. Lyne; Lena M. Tullock vs. J. E. Tullock; Fannie M. Lawton vs. Thomas Lawton.

The court appointed J. A. Seymour, S. D. Heffner and A. W. Boyd viewers for a road in Bradford and Corydon townships.

Commonwealth vs. W. T. Parsons. Motion for a nol pros granted.

The inventory and appraisement of the personal estate of Merritt Wilcox, deceased, set apart to the widow, was confirmed.

Minnie L. Cohen vs. I. Galland's Sons, feigned issue. Jury brought in a verdict in favor of plaintiff.

O'Donnell & Flaherty vs. Hammond & Andrews, appeal. Verdict for plaintiff.

In the case of Jennie O. Miller vs. the City of Bradford. The plaintiff had procured a final judgment against the city for $3,000 with interest from April 21, 1897, and costs, the city not having any unappropriated money to pay the same. The defendants showed that they had paid plaintiff $440; that plaintiff had been a charge upon the poor authorities of the city, and that they had expended for her maintenance $227.05, leaving a balance of $2,332.07. The court ordered a levy of one mill on the personal property of the city to pay the above indebtedness.

G W Mitchell vs Roseltha Burlin, feigned issue; settled.

T P Woods vs J H Groves, appeal; verdict in favor of plaintiff for $273.35.

The Mt Jewett Milling Company vs The Susquehanna Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Harrisburg, assumpsit; settled. The plaintiff shall have judgment for $412.16 and costs.

H C Leland vs J H Stinson and L E Stinson, appeal; jury instructed to find verdict for plaintiff for $69.21.

J J Donovan vs W L Hamilton and Chas W Nobles, assumpsit; jury instructed to find verdict in favor of defendants.

C M Splaney et al vs the Borough of Smethport; leave to file amended declaration granted by the court.

Bradford National Bank vs Lafayette M'f'g Co; last and final account of T B Clark received and confirmed nisi.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

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Brasted's

[illegible]

[illegible]

—[illegible] Century.

AT THE PLAY.

"How funny to be here with you!" said she.

He smiled. The glance [illegible] him. It was at once [illegible] and [illegible]. He turned to her with a pained expression. "Delightful," "perfect," "enchanting"—he could have condoned expressions such as these, [illegible] as they would undoubtedly have been. A man may be tender toward a woman's [illegible] about her lover when that lover is himself. But—"funny"!

"Oh, oh, oh!" She clutched his arm. "What funny people!" The fatal [illegible] again! This time he winced, [illegible] but she should mistake the first signal of distress as a mere physical infirmity.

She continued quickly: [illegible] I don't know why it amuses me, but it does; [illegible] perhaps because he hates badly turned out women so—Don is up in town tonight. Did you know? I wonder if we shall come across him!"

"You mean Lord Kilmeny's younger son?"

"You remember Don?"

Her glance, meeting his full, showed [illegible] ill temper. She put her hand out hastily, with a pretty, confident gesture of sympathy.

"Dear! You're not ill?"

Nothing irritates a man whose liver [illegible] so much as being reminded of the fact. The despairing curve at Chinnock's mouth grew positively rigid with irritation.

"Of course not. Is anything ever the matter with me? Your imagination runs away with you—dearest!" The "dearest" was a doubtful concession to the situation; but, somehow, she shrank from it, her color shifted, the [illegible] of her enjoyment started already.

"We have still ten minutes to wait before the curtain rises," he said. He [illegible] his programme after dinner [illegible] "What if I took the opportunity of explaining to you the motif of the piece? It is a trifle complex."

"I would be tired of you," she said, with a little smile, but, notwithstanding, her eyes showed some disappointment as she scanned the house. She was longing to speak the sweet banalities [illegible] to [illegible] her bright little [illegible] and [illegible]; to sip to the full the evening's cup of [illegible] enjoyment; to be, in a word, [illegible] of the moment, [illegible].

She had looked forward to tonight—the first of her emancipation—with [illegible] excitement. "It will be almost as good as being his wife," she had confided to the married sister under whose chaperonage she was spending the [illegible] "To [illegible] all to myself for a whole evening! To feel that I really belong to him as he belongs to me! Can you imagine anything more perfect?"

[illegible]

"You have to marry him, not I," she said comfortably. "What does it matter what I think? He's well off, which is something. At least you can [illegible] yourself so far. No one [illegible] you. Your women friends won't be able to pass you on their [illegible]"

"Don't be prejudiced," Margot replied. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] she said angrily, "wait."

[illegible]

"[illegible] Margot, I don't [illegible] a word I've said."

[illegible]

[illegible] he asked. "Is it [illegible]"

[illegible]

mire her. She is cynical and hard and morbid. I like Rhoda Broughton far, far better—I love her, in fact, she's so human and—Mrs. Hungerford, and dear Mrs. Clifford and Beatrice Harraden and heaps of others."

She choked a little in her excitement, trying to keep back her tears. It was all so trivial, but she had been petted and made much of all through her happy 18 years, her criticism asked, her opinion deferred to, and now— Repulsed, hurt, suffering, she shrank away from him. His kiss on greeting had been cold; his kiss on parting might reasonably be expected to be frigid.

She sat in outward quietude, her head averted, her thoughts tumultuous. If this was the beginning, what, oh, what would the end be? When the curtain rose at length, it was a relief, but the relief passed when it fell again. If an hour of him was so trying, what would a lifetime prove? At the second act he left her to have a cigarette in the foyer. She sat listlessly. What a fool she had been! What a mistake she had made! Was it irrevocable? One's people know something after all; so much she must admit. She had thought him cultivated, charming. They had met on a northern visit, and he had been out deer stalking all day. At night he was too tired to prose overmuch, and his priggishness had passed for culture. Since their engagement they had met for the most part at big functions, and there it happened that until tonight they had really seen remarkably little of each other.

And what an awakening tonight had brought! She held her programme in her hand, looking at it with unseeing eyes. How blurred it was—how stained—how like her future life would be, lived out with him!

A shadow crossed the page. She looked up. A well remembered presence made itself felt.

"Margot! Crying!"

She sprang to her feet gladly, triumphantly, catching with her two hands at the firm, protecting fingers which gripped hers.

"Oh, Don," she said brokenly, "take me back! Please take me home before he comes again, dear. I can't stand him any more. Talk nonsense, Don. Tell me I'm 'ripping,' and 'a brick' and 'jolly,' in all the rest of the dear, delightful, slangy terms. And, oh, Don, if you love me, dear, make love to me, real love, for always! Don't ever, ever, be cultured or superior."

"If I love you!" he said.

And before the look of his eyes her own fell. But it did not matter, for he took her home.—Ladies' Field.

QUITE UP TO DATE.

An Illustration of the Artfulness of the Modern Girl.

"The artfulness of the modern girl," remarked a woman who was a girl years ago, "passeth understanding. I have, for example, a young kinswoman of 18, whose mother, knowing that my husband was out of town, invited me to her house to tea one day. The girl was so sweet to me that in the end, though I hadn't the slightest idea of doing it when I set out, I asked *her* to come home with me and stay the night. She assented—not too eagerly—and as we walked toward the car together—she lives on Capitol Hill—she began to talk of young Mr. So-and-so, Commander So-and-so's son, who was so anxious to meet me. No woman is too old to be proof against flattery, so I expressed an interest in Mr. So-and-so, and told her she might bring him to see me some day.

"'It would be nice if he could come over this evening, wouldn't it?' she said thoughtfully. I agreed that it would.

"'You might have sent him a note if you had known,' I said, for at my age it isn't too often that young men want to make my acquaintance.

"'I tell you what,' she said, quite as if the idea had just occurred to her; 'I'll telephone to him and see if he has any other engagement.'

"We went into the nearest drug store, and idly I followed her to the telephone box, though she called my attention to something at the other end of the store. Central gave her the desired number—the young man's brother is a physician.

"'Is this Mr. So-and-so?' she asked.

"Pause.

"'It's all right about tonight,' she said. 'Goodby.'

"That's all she said. And then, and not till then, I realized how that innocent young thing had played it on me. As I said before, the artfulness of the modern girl passeth understanding."—Washington Post.

A Ute Funeral.

All night long the ceaseless, muffled beating of the medicine tomtom had come to us across the hot, barren, alkali flats; all night long the dismal wailing of the bereaved squaws and the lonesome howl of the masterless dog, crying like lost spirits, had come to us out of the darkness, plaintive and weird; all night long we had rolled and tossed on our blankets, spread upon the broad breast of mother earth, underneath the silent, watchful stars, and now, as the first pink blush of breaking morn began to revolve out of infinity into a newborn day, we rose, unrefreshed and weary.

A blood red sun thrust his scorching rays across the rugged peaks of the Book plateau. All nature seemed aflame, and as our tired, aching eyes sought what rest there could be found in the dingy green of the few scrub cedars that marked the single variation to the otherwise unbroken glare of whiteness a strange, sad procession emerged from them and wended its way toward us. As it approached we could see the cortege plainly. There were the patient, sad eyed women, their faces blackened by charcoal, their hair disheveled, their garments rent and covered with ashes. There were the favorite dog and horse of the dead warrior, the latter fully equipped, as though ready for a journey, and so he was. There was the corpse itself, borne, all bedecked and enshrouded, to its last earthly resting place.—*Lippincott's.*

A Natural Fog Horn.

At the Farallones the erosive agents have worked with queer caprice. This rock, being granite, has been acted upon by the sea at all levels and throughout the long period when it has been rising out of the watery depths. Through a long narrow hole, slanting and communicating with the ocean, there comes at intervals a terrific stream of air, forced by the spasmodic heaving of the waves against the lower orifice. The government, which uses this island for lighthouse purposes, [illegible] the upper end with the nozzle of a fog horn, and every few seconds there was blown an ear splitting brawl, which was heard far out at sea and above the din of the breaking rollers.

It was allowed to roar only in foggy weather, but it was eccentric in that it would only sound at high tide. When the tide was low, although the weather might be very thick, the thing was silent. For lack of its warning a ship went ashore upon the island rocks, and then it was that the government abandoned its location on the wind hole and erected a steam siren or mechanical fog horn, which has since very faithfully performed the necessary service.—"Our Seaboard Islands on the Pacific," by John E. Bennett, in Harper's Magazine.

Family Resemblances.

Aunt—Whom does your new little sister most look like, your father or your mother?

Little Emma—Both. She has no teeth. That's like mamma. And she's baldheaded, like pappa.—Toronto World.

The Pygmies of the Malay coast of New Guinea are still in the most primitive state. They are wholly unacquainted with [illegible] and make their weapons [illegible]

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies.
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then like a kraken huge and black
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp.
Down went the Cumberland all a wreck,
With a sudden shudder of death
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho, brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho, brave land, with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again
And without a seam!

—Longfellow.

UNDER THE DEEP SEA

HOW THE HEAVILY LADEN DIVER GOES ABOUT HIS WORK.

His Dress Weighs Nearly Two Hundred Pounds and Is a Very Complicated Affair—The Signalman Holds the Diver's Life In His Hands.

The dress of a fully equipped diver weighs, in round numbers, 170 pounds. Taking off his everyday garb, the diver pulls on his thick underclothing—a white knitted sweater and trousers and a pair of ribbed stockings, also white. Should he intend to work in unusually deep water, he puts on two, sometimes three, sets of underclothing, to relieve the pressure of the water.

The woolen clothing donned, the next garment is the diving dress, measuring for a man of average height 5 feet 3 inches from the collar to the sole of the foot. This dress is made of solid sheet india rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill. It has a double collar, the inner one to pull up round the neck, and the outer one, of red india rubber, to go over the breastplate and form a water tight joint. The cuffs also are of red india rubber and fit tightly round the wrists, making, when secured by the vulcanized india rubber rings, water tight joints, at the same time leaving the diver's hands free. In the outer collar 12 holes are bored for securing the breastplate. This is made of tinned copper. The outer edge is of brass and has 12 screws firmly fitted to it at intervals and projecting upward. These projections pass through the corresponding holes in the outer collar of the dress.

The band of the breastplate is in four sections, and the holes in the sections pass over the protecting screws and are secured in place by wing nuts or thumbscrews. A little careful consideration will make it clear that the dress is held in position by its rubber collar, with the aid of the breastplate flange and wing nuts.

The upper edge of the breastplate is fitted with a neck ring and a segmental screw. The use of this we shall presently explain.

The boots are of stout leather, with leaden soles, and are secured over the instep by buckles and straps. The pair weighs 32 pounds—four pounds over the quarter of a hundredweight. The lead soles are firmly attached by copper rivets. The tongues of the boots are very wide. Boots intended for rough work are fitted with metal toe caps. Thus far—underclothing, dress, breastplate and boots—is our diver arrayed. He has now to be weighted. Lead weights of 40 pounds each, shield or heart shaped, are suspended back and front by means of gun metal clips and studs or tabs and lashings. He has now only to put on his helmet and to affix the air pipe.

The helmet, like the breastplate, is of tinned copper and is fitted with a segment bayonet screw at the neck, corresponding to that mentioned as belonging to the breastplate. The eighth of a turn, and the helmet is firmly secured, being both air and water tight. It has three strong plate glasses in brass frames, protected by guards, two oval at the sides and a round one in front. The front can be unscrewed to enable the diver to give orders without removing any other portion of the dress. An outlet valve is provided at the side or back of the helmet, which the diver can close should he wish to rise to the surface. This valve allows the breathed air to escape, yet prevents the entrance of water.

At the side of the front glass is a mechanical arrangement for getting rid of the excess of air, and it also assists when the back outlet valve is closed in regulating the expansion of the dress in rising to the surface. There is also an inlet valve, and this is constructed so as to allow the air to enter, but not to escape, in case of a break in the air pipe. The air pipe is made in lengths of from 45 to 60 feet, fitted together by means of gun metal joints. Securely connected with the helmet by means of the inlet valve and an elbow tube, the other end of the air pipe is fitted on to the nozzle of the air delivering diving pump.

His leather belt is buckled on, his knife, well sharpened and of strong steel, covered with a metal case to keep it dry and intact, is slung upon it, and, after taking a drink, or a little light refreshment, the word is given, "All right," the face glass screwed on, and receiving a tap on the helmet as a signal to descend down he goes by rope or ladder, either of which must be weighted at the bottom.

Each diver while under water requires a signalman to hold his life line (that is, the line fastened round his waist by which he is hauled up) and the air pipe, both of which should be kept just taut, so that any movements of the diver may be felt. The signalman is of the utmost importance to the diver. Indeed, to use the words of a diver with whom we recently talked, he is his life. He must exercise the utmost vigilance all the time that the diver is down. Should the attendant give one pull on the life line it signifies, "How are you getting on?" If all is well, the diver gives an answering pull to reassure those above. Two pulls on the air pipe given by the diver mean "more air" (pump faster), and so on throughout the code of signals.

In addition to the signal code modern invention has adopted and utilized the telephone, and a speaking apparatus for men working at a depth of 90 feet or more is frequently used. The electric light also is now employed by divers working at a depth beyond 50 feet.—James Cassidy in St. Nicholas.

Compensation.

Paddy—My brother George is a head taller than your brother.

Pandy—Yes, but my brother is a [illegible] than yours.—[illegible]

WRECKED THE VESSEL.

A Possible Danger of Steam Jets as Fire Extinguishers.

For many years steam jets have been considered excellent means for extinguishing fires in inclosed spaces, and examples of their good services have been abundant. The theory of their action of course is, like that of the several kinds of fire extinguishing powders which have been proposed at different times, that the steam in the one case and the stifling fumes from the powders in the other displace the air in any particular space under consideration, and with it the oxygen as well, by which alone combustion can be sustained.

In at least one instance, however, the position was taken that if the steam jets did not extinguish a fire promptly they soon became a source of danger, and as such were held accountable for the loss about a year ago of a cargo steamer carrying several hundred tons of coal and as many more of miscellaneous chemicals and old rope. Fire broke out in one of the holds, which were fitted with steam jet fixtures, and the jets were at once turned on. On the day following it was proposed to try a hose in addition to the jets, and one of the upper deck hatches was therefore taken off.

The almost immediate result was a violent explosion, killing one of the officers and seriously injuring another. All the other hatches were blown off at the same time, and the ship began to leak, so that she soon had to be abandoned. One explanation advanced was that the steam from the jets, passing over the incandescent cargo, formed water gas, which, with suitable air admixture, became explosive, with the result noted. The theory is not a comforting one, but whether it portrays a possible condition of things yet remains to be demonstrated.—Cassier's Magazine.

EASY FOR MORPHY.

A Story of the Great Chess Master and a Celebrated Painting.

On reading the notes on Paul Morphy's visit to Philadelphia I am reminded of an incident in connection with his visit to Richmond about the same time, which was related to me some years ago by the Rev. Mr. H. of that city. I do not remember ever to have seen it in print. Mr. Morphy was Mr. H.'s guest while in the city, and on his arrival was first ushered into the library, and his attention was at once attracted by a painting over the mantel, which was a fine copy of a celebrated painting representing a game of chess between a young man and the devil, the stake being the young man's soul.

The artist had most graphically depicted the point in the game where it was apparently the young man's move, and he seemed just to realize the fact that he had lost the game, the agony of despair being shown in every line of his features and attitude, while the devil from the opposite side of the table gloated over him with fiendish delight. The position of the game appeared utterly hopeless for the young man, and Mr. H. said he had often set it up and studied it with his chess friends, and all agreed the young man's game was certainly lost.

Mr. Morphy walked up to the picture and studied it for several minutes, when finally, turning to Mr. H., he said:

"I can win the game for the young man."

Mr. H. was of course astonished and said, "Is it possible?"

Mr. Morphy replied, "Get out the men and board and let us look at it."

The position was set up, and in a few rapid moves he demonstrated a complete win for the young man, and the devil was checkmated.—Robert Munford in American Chess Magazine.

The Boy and His Cap.

"I can't find my cap anywhere," is a sentence more or less familiar in the household, that being what the boy says, looking for his cap, when he wants to go out to play. Early in the search he enlists his mother, and that may make a serious business of it. She has to drop her dusting or whatever household work she may be engaged in, and the search may take a long time.

"Where did you put it when you came in?" is a question sure to be asked sooner or later, but all the boy can answer is:

"I don't know."

And then the search goes on everywhere, over and under, in all sorts of places, all at a great loss of time, if not of temper. It is found at last, as most things are in time, and in some simple, easy place, which makes the finding of it all the more exasperating.

The boy takes it and goes out to play and straightway forgets all about it; but it may take quite a little time to restore the normal calm in the house.

It is a mystery how the boy manages to lose his cap as often as he does, but it appears to be a boy's way, and common to almost all.—New York Sun.

Hungarian Gypsy Minstrels.

The gypsy minstrels form a caste by themselves. Their appearance is always more swarthy than that of other Hungarian musicians, their dress is sometimes purposely fantastic, and their manner of life is far more Bohemian than the most liberal minded artist would care to own to. Every hotel and restaurant in Budapest possesses its gypsy band, and the method of payment is as free and easy as the music itself and their life. The hotel keeper is not bound by any contract, but at various intervals throughout the performance one of his gypsies takes a dinner plate and goes round among the various guests in the hall from table to table, receiving in the plate what the latter like to put there. The favorite coin deposited there is the nickel 10 kreutzer piece, answering to our twopence. I have not often seen a florin or a kronen (half a florin). The whole collection is, as a rule, made up of twopences.—Good Words.

Handbook of the Tariff.

The understanding of the complicated provisions of the new tariff has been greatly simplified by the issuance of this manual. To digest the tariff law is no easy task, but to digest the food taken into the gastric receptacle is rendered easy by the use of that thorough stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It prevents and cures malarial, kidney and rheumatic trouble, remedies nervousness and insomnia, and removes constipation and biliousness. Appetite, as well as the ability to satisfy it without subsequent abdominal disturbance, is restored by this fine stomachic, which also accelerates convalescence. Persons in the decline of life, and the infirm of every age and sex, find it of material assistance.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the taste. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove the trouble and cure sick headache, biliousness, inactive liver and clear the complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A cough is not like a fever. It does not have to run a certain course. Cure it quickly and effectually with One Minute Cough Cure, the best remedy for all ages and for the most severe cases. We [illegible] it because it's good. A. B. [illegible]

A Wonderful Floating Snail.

There is a small snail which is so fond of the sea that it never comes to land, but is obliged to make a capital raft for itself, and the voyage [illegible] while large ships are [illegible] able to face the [illegible] in perfect safety.

The little snail is of a violet color and it has a [illegible] a small shell and three projections from the under part of the body, a long, tongue-like piece of flesh. This is the raft, and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air compartments are underneath, so that it cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldest eggs and those which hatch the soonest are placed in the center, and the lightest and newest on the sides of the raft. The [illegible] fills its own air compartments by getting a globule of air underneath its head, the body is then turned downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted on one side, the air rushes up and fills the spaces. It feeds on a beautiful little jellyfish, which has a flat, raftlike form with a pretty little sail upon it, and they congregate in multitudes when the sea is calm.

Sometimes specimens are washed upon the northwestern coast of France, and when they are handled they give out a violet dye.—Philadelphia Press.

Microbes In Milk.

It will be readily granted that the inspection of milk and its sources of supply is of even more importance from a public health point of view than the inspection of meat, since milk is so largely used as the food of infants.

Milk immediately it is taken from the healthy cow contains no microbes. Hardly has the milk settled in the pail than they abound, so many as 10,000 in one-quarter cubic inch having been detected. The question which naturally presents itself is, "Where do they come from?" From the soiled teats, from the soiled hands of the workers, from the atmosphere of the milking shed and from the pails themselves. They possess the property of propagating very rapidly.

M. de Freudenrich of the Berne laboratory asserts that milk just drawn containing in one-quarter cubic inch 9,000 microbes seven hours later was found to contain 60,000. After a period of 25 hours had elapsed 5,600,000 microbes were present in the same quantity of milk, and if the temperature be raised to 95 degrees F. the microbic population of the same milk during the same time would reach the enormous total of 812,500,000.

Children appear particularly prone to contract consumption through the agency of milk containing tubercle bacilli.—Chambers' Journal.

How We Walk.

In The Literary Digest appears a translation of a review of "Comment on Marche" ("How We Walk"), the latest book on the subject by Messrs. Regnault and Raoul. In this work it is claimed that we have been wrongly educated in walking and that the erect posture and firm step that we have been led to believe were evidences of health and strength are conventional and vicious.

M. Marey, who wrote the introduction to the volume, says that there is a style of walking that enables one, without excessive fatigue, to go distances of from 30 to 35 miles in a third of the time usually required. This may be accomplished by walking with the knees bent and the body inclined forward, a method which has been observed in professional pedestrians, mountaineers, peasants, hunters and soldiers fatigued by long marches. In not adopting this method, it is claimed that, as with all the other acts of life, we remain slaves of conventional aesthetics.

He Knows How Adam Felt.

A young man was recently taken to a Lewiston hospital and suffered the removal of a rib. When he came to himself, he was told what had been done and seemed satisfied. Shortly after he dropped into a semiconscious state and kept calling for "the woman." For two days he was delirious, and frequently called for "the woman." "I want to see the woman," he kept saying.

At last the nurse in desperation said, "Well, I'm the woman." The man looked at her critically from top to toe and said, "Who would have thought that they could have made such a pretty girl out of one of my ribs." And then he settled back on his pillow, and when he awoke again he was in his right mind and was better.—Kennebec Journal.

They Work Alike.

A fly had fallen into the ink well of a certain author who writes a very bad and a very inky hand. The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect and dropped him on a piece of paper. After watching him intently for awhile he called to his mother, "Here's a fly, mamma, that writes just like papa."—Current Literature.

The German Fire Department.

"I have the honor to announce, captain, that the fire is in the fourth story, and our ladders and hose will reach only to the second."

"Indeed! Then we'll have to wait till the fire gets down to the second."—Fliegende Blätter.

The tongue is divided into three regions of taste, the first of which is chiefly sensible to pungent and acid tastes, the middle portion to sweets or bitters, while the back is confined entirely to the flavors of roast meats, butter, oils and rich and fatty substances.

We never enjoy perfect happiness. Our most fortunate successes are mingled with sadness. Some anxieties always perplex the reality of our satisfaction.—Corneille.

A TINY RESERVATION.

William Penn's Indian Tract Still Preserved In Philadelphia.

[illegible] of the days of [illegible] is an anomaly [illegible] a little plot of ground which still retains [illegible] of a picture in the character [illegible] character. Right in the heart of the business section of the city it lies, the only place for miles around that bears no footprints of the march of progress and commerce, the only building lot in the city which has never been near the hands of a real estate agent.

You have but to go down Walnut street to Second, turn up Second until you come to a little iron gate on the east side of the street, swing it back and enter and you stand within the Indian reservation.

In the days when Philadelphia used to be the metropolis of the red men, and they came by various trails across the country and down the Delaware to hold council there, it grew necessary for them to have some appointed spot for their conclaves. William Penn dedicated this reservation to them as a trysting place and provided that it should be sacred to their use forever.

It is a forlorn enough place now, shut in as it is by high buildings on nearly every side. The old Union Telegraph office confronts it on one side, a wholesale liquor dealer's store backs up against it on another, and a high board fence chokes off the last hope of any outlook from the place.

There is no mark to tell of its original use or to stamp it as one of the curiosities of the day. One's only solace for his grievance is to imagine that the stealthy tread of moccasined feet is still echoing there and that the strange words of the redskin's tongue have left some spell upon the place.

In size it is a poor comment upon Penn's generosity, for it scarcely affords room sufficient to turn a wagon and a pair of horses. Perhaps because of its microscopic dimensions there has never been any attempt to encroach upon the rights of the old reservation.

For more than a century it has stood in its native state in the midst of the great city, a relic of a pathetic past, an heirloom for owners who will never reclaim it.—New York Herald.

High Officials Take In Washing.

Samoa, Stevenson's island home and grave, is the only country in the world where its rulers and chief justice vie with each other in the honorable work of the laundry. There is no false pride about a chief of Samoa, who will discuss high politics with you one moment and the next make a tender for your washing. What is more, when he has executed the washing to your satisfaction he will ask you to give him a testimonial to that effect, with which to bait succeeding visitors.—New York Journal.

Hospitality.

Lady of the House (to bore, who generally calls just as she is about to go shopping)—Won't you let me ring for a little refreshment for you?

Bore—I think I'll take a little something just before I go.

Lady of the House—Oh, then, do have it now.—London Punch.

The Berbers of Morocco are an interesting blond race dispersed along the Atlas range. In the central Atlas they still call themselves "Berber" (plural Berabber), but the meaning of the word is uncertain. Perhaps it is the source of our word "barbarian."

The woman who is weak, nervous, tired and exhausted; who has a poor and variable appetite and no strength or nerve; who suffers from pains and aches, dragging down and burning sensations; and who recognizes herself, that she has become irritable, cross, blue and despondent, is in almost every case suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity.

Thousands of women suffer in this way and do not recognize the cause, or if they do understand their condition, neglect it rather than submit to the obnoxious examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It does away with the necessity for these trying ordeals, and may be used in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned, and makes them strong, vigorous and healthy. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It transforms weak, nervous, petulant invalids into happy wives and mothers. Thousands of women have testified, over their own signatures, to this fact. The "Favorite Prescription" may be procured from any good medicine dealer. Any woman who will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., may have the advice of an eminent and skillful specialist without charge.

Mrs. Cora M. McLaurin, of Rockport, Copiah Co., Miss., writes: "I had displacement and inflammation of the uterus. I was under the treatment of our family physician for a long time, but received no benefit. I had falling of internal organs with ulceration and enlargement. I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Pleasant Pellets' and 'Extract of Smart-Weed.' From the first day I began to improve, and in a short time I was able to do all my housework. If it had not been for your medicines I would have been dead long ago."

Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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Fire insurance written in the leading companies. Life and Accident Insurance in the most reliable companies of America.

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from the list price of each machine, at my store. Now avail yourselves of this grand offer.

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Mr. F. W. Burdick, Piano Tuner of Olean, N. Y., will visit Smethport every three months. Please leave orders at my office.

C. A. BURDICK,

Salesroom, Kelly Block,
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(Successor to W. P. Walsh.)

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Gas and Steam Fitter.

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Thos. H. Clark,

SMETHPORT, PA.

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Furniture Store of Spafford & Sasse

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C. SASSE,

Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS

[illegible]

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Leading Modern Clothiers.

The Miner Job Department

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COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday June 16 1898.

Ar. Eastw'd.			Stations.	L'v Westw'd.		
A.M	A.M	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.40	7.18	2.10	Ulysses	7.32	2.30	10.05
8.37	7.10	1.59	Crowell	7.41	2.39	10.15
8.25		1.56	Carpenter		2.41	10.18
8.19		1.53	Perkins		2.44	10.21
8.15	7.02	1.50	N'w'f'd Ju'c'n	7.47	2.48	10.30
		1.45	Newfield	7.51	2.50	10.30
7.55	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.55	2.54	10.35
7.40	6.49	1.35	Raymond	7.59	2.59	10.41
7.13	6.29	1.24	Seven Bridg's	8.11	3.11	10.55
7.10	6.26	1.21	Colesburg	8.14	3.14	11.00
7.01	[illegible]	1.16	Frink's	8.22	3.22	11.09
6.50		1.05	Nor. C'port		3.31	11.20
6.45	6.10	1.00		8.36	3.36	11.30
4.09	7.57	12.52	Coudersport	8.42	7.07	1.10
		2.?9	Hammond			
6.07	7.0?	12.46	Olmsted	8.46	6.05	1.27
[illegible]	5.46	12.40	Mina	8.50	6.10	1.31
[illegible]		12.33	Knowlton		6.18	
[illegible]	7.36	12.30	Roulette	9.00	6.21	1.46
[illegible]	7.29	12.27	Burtville	9.06	6.29	1.55
[illegible]		12.15	Coleman		6.35	
[illegible]			Chemical Works			
5.10	7.10	12.10	Port Allegany	9.13	6.40	2.06
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Dep't. Arrive	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking Effect June 5th, 1898.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

[illegible] A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. Ry. for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

[illegible] A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

[illegible] P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train 16 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport, daily except Sunday, [illegible] a. m., 4.20 p. m. and 8.00 p. m.

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Gen. Pass. Agent,
[illegible], Pa.

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Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, [illegible]

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 14, 189?.

Trains leave Smethport for Larabee, [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, 12.?? p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2.?? p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday 8.?? a. m.
Clermont Acc'tion daily ex Sunday 12.?? p. m.
Clermont Acc'tion daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Mail, daily ex Sunday 11.?? a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday (connects at Emporium for Philadelphia) [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. K. W[illegible], Ticket Agent,
S. Bell, General Sup't,
J. A. Fellows, Gen. Pass. & T'k. Agt.
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg. Cor. Main and Clinton st., Buffalo N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 29, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION

EASTWARD.

6:?? a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:?? p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3:?? p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:?? p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 6:20 a. m., Washington 7:?? a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

5:?? a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:?? a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and weekdays for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:25 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5:?? p. m., Philadelphia 8:?? p. m., Washington 7:?? p. m., Baltimore 8:00 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 5:?? a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York 7:40 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:?? p. m., Baltimore 11:?? p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:?? a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:?? a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:?? a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:?? p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Phila. to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Weekdays.

NORTH A. M. Lv.	STATIONS.	SOUTH Ar. A. M.
8 55	Ridgway	11 4?
9 10	Johnsonburg	11 30
9 20	Bendigo	11 20
9 26	Glen Hazel	11 1?
9 36	Straight	11 04
9 41	Instanter	10 5?
9 4?	Smith's Run	10 5?
9 53	Woodvale	10 46
10 00	Clermont	10 40
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:?? p. m. and at Ridgway with train 8, leaving Ridgway at 1:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after July 2, 1898, passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST-BOUND.

8.10 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Glenwood, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

1.50 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4.25 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

7.57 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

1.41 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

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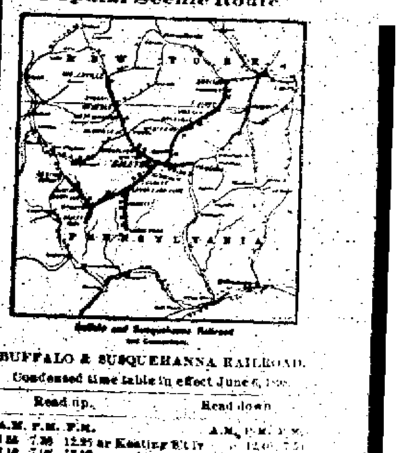

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

Condensed time table in effect June 6, 1898.

Read up.				Read down.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
8 5?	7.30	12.25	ar Keating S't lv		12.00	7.5?
8.10	7.08	12.06	Austin	6.40	[illegible]	[illegible]
	7.00	11.53	Costello	6.47	[illegible]	[illegible]
	6 46	11.41	Wharton	6.59	1.2?	
	6.03	10.56	Cross Fork Jct	7.41	[illegible]	
	5 51	10.39	Corbett	8 11	[illegible]	
	5 36	10.18	Germania	8.22	2.4?	
	5.15	10.12 lv	Galeton ar	8.28		
P.M.	A.M.					
7.10	12 55	10.00 ar	Galeton lv	8.35	[illegible]	
6 56	12 41	9 45	Gaines	8.52	[illegible]	
6.30	12.17	9.05	Sabinsville	9.21	[illegible]	
6.19	12.06	8.52	Westfield	9.33	[illegible]	
6 06	11 50	8.39	Knoxville	9.47	[illegible]	
5 56	11.41	8.07	Osceola	9.56	[illegible]	
5.41	11.26	7.50	Elkland	10.08	4.1?	
5 15	11.06	7.15 lv	Addison ar	10.34	4.?	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	5.10	10 00 ar	Galeton lv	6.30	[illegible]	
	4.51	9.41	Walton	6.47	[illegible]	
	4.27	9.17	Newfield Jct.	7.15	[illegible]	
	4.06	8 56	West Bingham	7.36	[illegible]	
	3.56	8.48	Genesee	7.41	[illegible]	
	3 53	8 43	Shongo	7.46	[illegible]	
	3 30	8.20 lv	Wellsville ar	8.00	[illegible]	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	4 40	10.10 ar	Galeton lv	8.25	[illegible]	
	4.20	9 50	Gaines	8.41	[illegible]	
	3.56	9.30 lv	Ansonia ar	9.15	[illegible]	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	2.00	7.30 ar	Cross Fork J'ct lv	11.00	[illegible]	
	1.00	6.30 lv	Cross Fork ar	12.00	7.?	

N. B.—Train leaves Keating Summit at [illegible] m., arriving at Austin at [illegible]

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating S't with W. N. Y. & P. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. R'y union station.
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R.R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Buffalo, N. Y.
C. W. GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.
W. W. ATWOOD, Superintendent, Addison, N. Y.
W. C. PARK, Superintendent, Austin, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 6 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 2, 1897.

South			Stations		North	
6:30	......		Clermont		1:45	
2:36	......		Chatham		1:40	
2:50	......		Wildwood		1:14	
3:04	......		North Fork		1:03	
3:11	......		Kay Fork		12:53	
3:16	......		Gray Gables		12:50	
3:30	......	Ar	St. Marys	Lv	12:35	
	7:30	Lv		Ar	11:50	[illegible]
3:40	7:45		Kaul		10:55	[illegible]
3:48	7:51		Detach		10:49	[illegible]
3:52	7:56		Grant		10:41	[illegible]
3:55	8:06		Gillen		10:29	[illegible]
4:00	8:10		Paine		10:25	[illegible]
4:08	8:16		Centreville		10:21	[illegible]
4:14	8:26		Dague Crossing		10:10	[illegible]
4:21	8:30		Shelvey Summit		10:06	[illegible]
4:28	8:36		Caneo		9:58	[illegible]
4:30	8:46		Thompson		9:55	[illegible]
4:39	8:48		Carry		9:48	[illegible]
4:44	8:49		Brandy Camp		9:43	[illegible]
4:50	8:54		Kilon		9:37	[illegible]
4:59	9:05		Hyde		9:24	[illegible]
5:10	9:19		Shawmut		9.15	[illegible]
P.M.	A.M.				A.M.	[illegible]

NEW

WAGON and CARRIAGE SHOP.

Having purchased the wood work department of C. W. Lilgendahl, I am prepared to do all kinds of

WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK.

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style.

[illegible], Smethport, Pa.